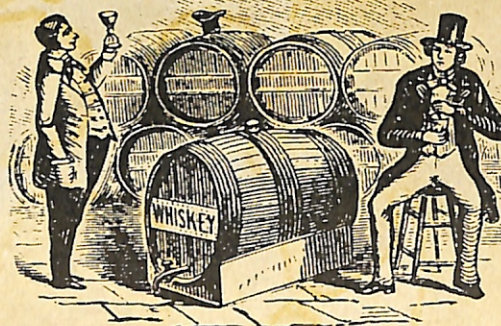


The Elks

November, 1935
Eastern Edition



ARMISTICE
MURAL PANEL
BY
EUGENE SAVAGE
ELKS NATIONAL
MEMORIAL BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILL.



What Is Good Taste?



Good rye whiskey
Should taste of good rye

Should remind you
When you sip it
Of tall stalks
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Nodding in the breeze



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In body too
Robust in flavor
Deep in color
Grainy in bouquet



And mellow as a lute note

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The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity;
to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to
quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . .
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

JOSEPH T. FANNING
Editor and Executive Director

CHARLES SPENCER HART
Business Manager

NOVEMBER 1935

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This Month

THE editors this month are especially anxious to bring to the attention of every Elk the handsome mural panel, "Armistice," reproduced on the cover. The painting is particularly significant today when half the world is frenziedly arming itself in preparation for another major conflict and when already two nations are at war.

Also we wish to point out an open letter to every Elk from the Grand Exalted Ruler which appears on page 3 of this issue. Judge Hallinan expresses his appreciation for the achievements of those many Lodges which have organized a Joseph T. Fanning Class to be initiated on November 14th.

The editors are especially happy this month in being able to publish the story, "The Ballad of Bill Bozeman," which appears on page 8. Mr. Upson has written a very funny story with admirable restraint. His use of the ballad form is a novel method of short story writing.

Also we are fortunate in the possession of a short short story by Fergus Ferguson, "Reprieve." Others of Fergus Ferguson's stories have appeared in the Magazine before and have met with considerable attention.

Another of Charles Spencer Hart's splendid historical articles opens on page 12. This one, "The Boy Who Walked Like a Man," is a fine story and an inspiring example of patriotic heroism. Harlan Ware has told an amusing and yet somehow touching story in his "Out of His Class" which contrasts agreeably with the other material which you will find on these pages.

News of Elkdom

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An Open Letter to Every Elk From The Grand Exalted Ruler



GRAND LODGE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE **ORDER OF ELKS**
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

JAMES T. HALLINAN
GRAND EXALTED RULER

Room 1107
475 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, N. Y.

My dear Brothers:

I desire to express my great appreciation to you for your accomplishment in organizing the Joseph T. Fanning Class, to be initiated on November fourteenth.

I have heard from over 700 lodges, representing more than half of our membership, advising me that they are putting through a large number of initiates on this occasion. Letters and telegrams are coming in daily informing me as to the splendid progress made.

I confidently predict that we will have 25,000 new members initiated on the night of November fourteenth.

When this issue of The Elks Magazine reaches you during the first week in November, your plans relative to new members will have been practically completed. But there is still time for you to increase the number of this class by the reinstatement of a large number of brothers who have been dropped from the rolls.

Reinstatements require only to be ballotted upon by the lodge, therefore may I urge you to put forth every effort during the next two weeks in getting as many reinstatements as possible.

May I suggest that every Exalted Ruler arrange to have some prominent Elk address the Fanning Class on the night of this initiation? We have planned a nation-wide broadcast by a prominent citizen, which we hope to make a feature of the initiation ceremony, but at this time we are as yet unable to state definitely if this part of the program can be carried out.

Wishing you every success in your program of re-building and increasing your lodge membership, I am

Very sincerely and fraternally yours,

James T. Hallinan
Grand Exalted Ruler

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1935-1936

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For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.



By
PHILLIPS
Coles

CAST AND Broadcast



Top left is Lucy Monroe, a CBS bewitcher, who makes ravishing sounds at regular intervals over WABC.

Frank Black is venomously caricatured at top by William Heyer. Mr. Black masterfully conducts NBC's symphonic orchestra.

Helen Hayes, above, one of the first ladies of the stage, the screen and practically everything else, raises the tone of the current radio season with a dramatic series broadcast over WJZ.

Lanny Ross, center right, needs no introductory build-up. He is still with NBC's Show Boat, as everybody knows.

Unfortunately, one cannot tell what Michael Bartlett, right, looks like when his mouth is wide open. It encourages a warped point of view. Bartlett, coming straight to radio from the cinema (where he stole his only scene from Grace Moore), has a glowing voice and a great deal of charm. He is singing these Sabbaths with Jack Benny at 7 P.M. over Station WJZ.



Reprieve

A Short Short Story
by Fergus Ferguson

Illustrated by Herbert Paus

MR. TODD wakened, that morning, to find that it was spring, that he was forty, that forty springs had passed and left him nowhere.

He sat up in bed most quietly so that he should not disturb Della, his wife, sleeping in the other twin bed. He stared at the trees, unbelievably fresh, young and green outside his suburban window. And presently he found himself looking, not into tree-tops, but into the dark pit of living.

Forty years, dull and hemmed in, that was what he saw, and the young leaves lifting and falling, turning in the sun, mocking Mr. Todd, pitying middle-age which once had believed in romance, in adventure, and which now spent its days—all the beautiful days of the world—puttering in an office.

Every spring Mr. Todd felt this, every spring. Once it was thirty springs. Now it was forty. He shivered a little, his hands around his knees, and crept from bed. Della did not waken and he was glad. Della had no idea that her comfortable smile, her cheery "Morning, George!" could be so fatiguing.

After his coffee Mr. Todd let himself out, like a paroled prisoner, into the morning. He was free in his walk to the station, would be free until he arrived at the office. The 8:05 reached New York at 8:40 and then there would be Mr. Smith's orders. Mr. Smith's teeth flashing, the dimple in his left cheek punctually appearing.

All winter, for months and months, Mr. Todd had worked under Mr. Smith in the insurance business, perfecting a dislike for the other which he had roughed out at first sight. He had been rebelling against Mr. Smith and, through Mr. Smith, against his whole way of life, against the monotony of marriage and of the office. Now rebellion smouldered, awaiting the faintest breath.

In the hazy spring sunshine of the station platform young persons called out, clustered in groups, swept past Mr. Todd, wind of laughter in their eyes. One girl, pretty and slim, brushed against him. "Oh—so sorry!" she laughed into his face. "I'm dizzy this morning. It—it's spring!"

She passed on but the gay slanting look in her eyes stirred something in his frame as if a flowery spark had flown into him. A tiny spark but enough to set fire to the world within him, to that dry wood piled up in his heart.

"Spring," said Mr. Todd, shouting it in his mind. "Spring!"

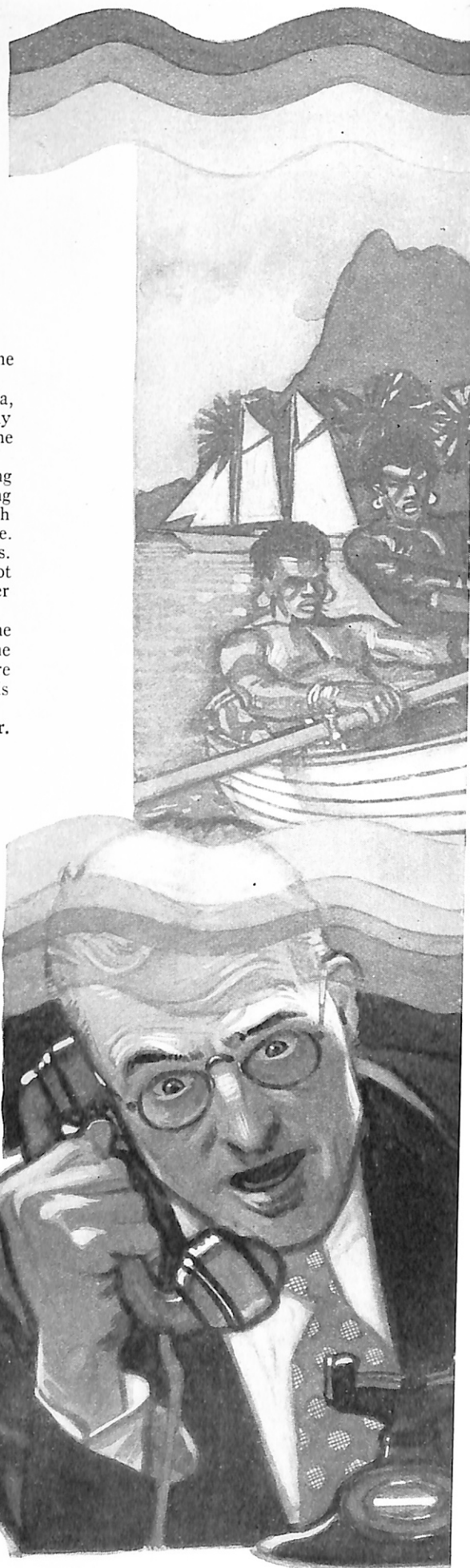
In that second he realized that he was on the point of no longer existing for Della, for Boyd & Smith Insurance. What had been dead now lived. Mr. Todd knew that he had spent his last day as a slave.

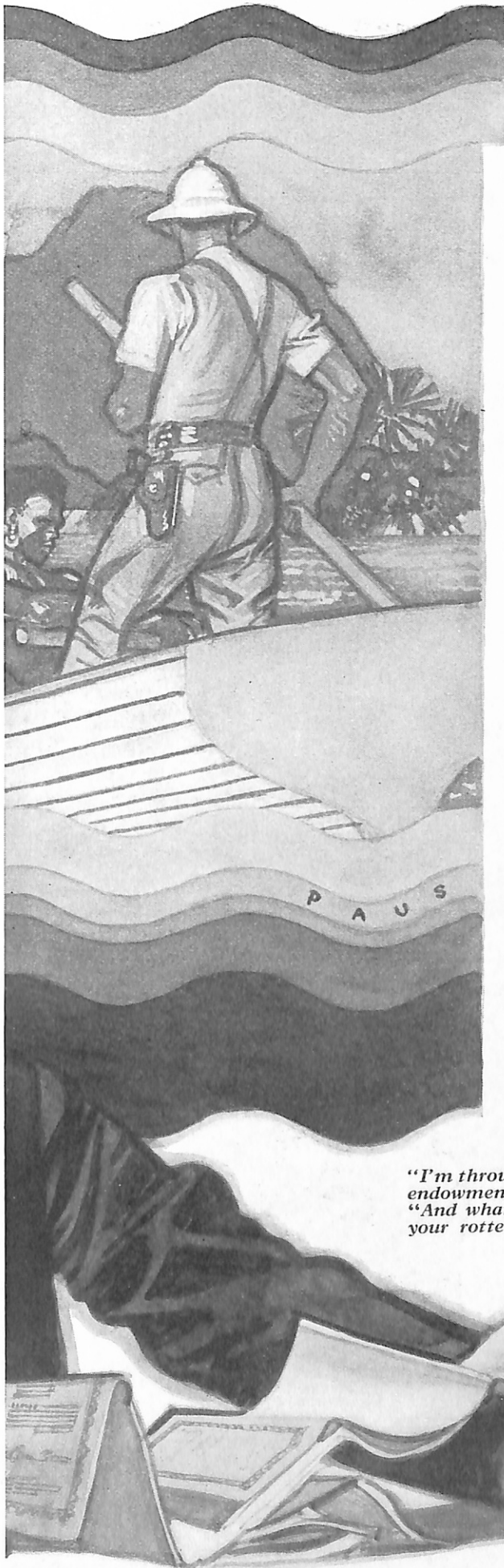
WHEN he reached his desk it was with the sensation that many years had fled with bright faces since he left Della that morning. Della no longer lived in this world of escape which he was already creating by his will. For Mr. Todd saw what he was about to do; not how he would live afterwards except that it would be beautiful and reckless; but that he was throwing over his job. He would flee to Europe, to tropic isles, perhaps around the world. Della had the house and their savings.

As soon as Mr. Smith arrived at work Mr. Todd's hegira would start.

He knew this was the crisis. His escape must come now or never, this very morning while he was still possessed of this unreal, this splendid if fortuitous strength. He would burn his bridges, would tell Smith everything he had been thinking about him. He would keep it on a plane of reticence and dignity but perhaps at the end he would say, just before he picked up his hat, "And now, Smith, how would you like to go to hell?" Mr. Todd waited without impatience, he who had waited so long.

"Today," he said to himself, "a grub. Tomorrow a butterfly."





"I'm through with seeing about endowment policies," he said. "And what's more, I'm sick of your rotten little dump here"

A secretary came in. "Mr. Smith," she said, "won't be in this morning. He wants to speak to you on the phone."

"Smith? Ah, yes," said Mr. Todd, and she accepted his words humbly like gifts of fate. Or so he thought. Well, he would speak to Smith. He could say what he had to say over the telephone, just as well as any other way.

"Hello, Todd," said Smith. "Listen, boy, I'm not coming in this morning. Having a round of golf. . . ."

Mr. Todd listened. He smiled. He took his pipe from his lips and spoke in a low, clear voice. His eyes blinked a little for they were blinded by the great light of freedom full in his face.

"So you want me to see Herzog about that endowment policy?" he said when Smith had finished. "Well, I'm not going to see him and how do you like that? I'm through with seeing about endowment policies, Smith, old boy, so what? Through forever. What's more, I'm sick of your rotten little dump here and of your dimples. I just came down to tell you so and to get my fountain pen. I think you're a stuffed shirt and something I wouldn't throw to the dog with a clear conscience. Been thinking that for some time now and it's a great pleasure to let you in on it. So now, Smith, old son, put your golf sticks back in your locker and come down and do your dirty work yourself. That will be all, Smith. Good morning."

He could have had no effect more satisfying than this one of stunned silence. He sat back in a state of utter completion. He was glorified by thoughts of Smith unable to believe his own ears, so stupefied that he could not speak. That speechlessness was what made up for all of Todd's lost years. His strength vanished but it was no longer needed. It had accomplished its purpose: Smith had been *told*.

Triumph surged through Todd. As each wave rolled over his head he swam, light, breathless but coming always to the surface. Then, all at once he was drowning. In that flash he saw his whole life. He had lost everything—the wife whom he loved, his position, his security. He who had had so much, he the most blest of men, had tossed all away in a moment of madness. Everything for which he had slaved, gone. Gone and for what? This. This loneliness, this nothing, this orphanage.

THE telephone rang again. How he hated that telephone. Busy as a sadistic little ant it had deprived him of all he wanted in life. He could not touch the thing. But it kept on ringing and bitterly he took off the receiver.

It was Smith. "This damned operator!" said Smith, fuming, "she cut us off! What I was saying, Todd—did you get any of it—what I was saying—will you tackle Herzog? About that endowment policy. I'd do it myself, old boy, only I can't butter him up the way *you* can. Listen, Todd, we're relying on you. You're the only bird on the force that can pull it off. Will you get at it, old chap?"

The walls receded, the room blurred like a radio picture, but Todd found himself saying, his eyes moist, his voice breaking with the bliss of resurrection:

"Yes, Mr. Smith. I'll do my best. Yes, yes. I'll contact Herzog at once."



The Ballad of BILL BOZEMAN

by

William Hazlett Upson

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

BILL BOZEMAN was built like an elephant,
He weighed three hundred pound;
He could do as much work as any six men
In all the country round.

But there wasn't any work to do,
For the times were very bad;
He wandered all over the middle west,
But jobs were not to be had.

And at last he arrived, one afternoon,
In the town of Hennepin Falls,
And he didn't have a single cent
To put in his overalls.

He had lost his razor a month before,
And his beard was heavy and long;
He looked like a bum, and he felt like a bum,
And everything seemed to be wrong.

And the worst of it was he was hungry,
Which made it very tough;
When a man Bill's size is hungry,
He is hungry sure enough.

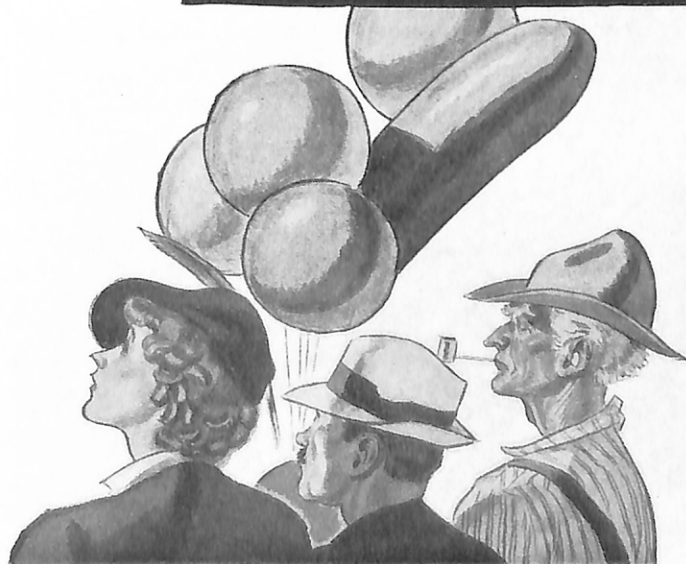
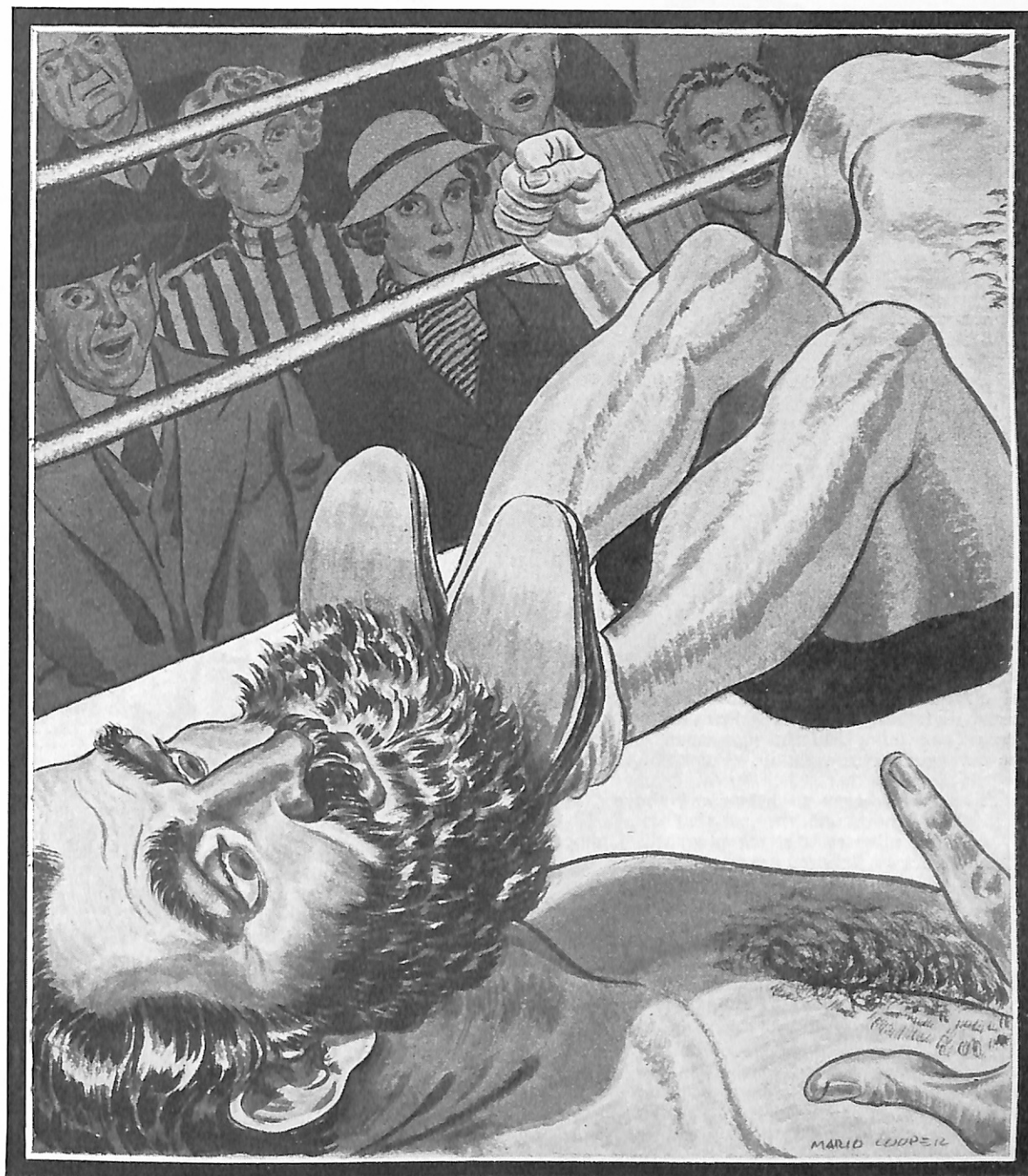
And as he was wandering here and there,
He unexpectedly found
A cheap little carnival spreading its tents
In a field at the edge of town.

There were acrobats, and jugglers,
And various freaks and fakes,
And a merry-go-round, and peanut stands,
And hula girls, and snakes.

And out in front of the largest tent,
On a platform high and wide,
Stood a handsome gentleman, tastefully garbed
In a costly leopard hide.

Beside him a beautiful lady stood,
In a dress of flaming red,
And she opened her mouth and started to yell.
And this is what she said:





"Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! I wish to introduce Ali Boubou, the Terrible Turk—heavyweight wrestling champion of Turkey, Bulgaria, Roumania, Bessarabia, and all of Asia Minor, including the Caucasus. Ali Boubou offers to defeat anyone who dares to challenge him. And he is backing this offer with real money—twenty-five dollars to anyone who can throw him within fifteen minutes. And fifteen dollars to anyone whom he fails to throw within this time limit. A princely offer, ladies and gentlemen! Who wants to make a try for this easy money?"

At the edge of the crowd Bill Bozeman heard
And let out a joyful yelp;
Though he really wanted a steady job,
This twenty-five dollars would help.

He decided to try for it anyway,
So he pushed to the front of the crowd,
And mounted the platform—which sagged with
his weight—
And spoke up clear and loud:

"I'll wrestle this guy," he said. "And right now."



"Wait a minute," said the lady in red. "The bout will be held inside the tent. What's your name?"

"Bill Bozeman."

"All right, Bill," said the lady. "My name is Bella Jones. And now I want you to shake hands with Ali Boubou, the Terrible Turk."

So Bill, the three-hundred-pounder, shook hands
With the greatest friendliness
With the Terrible Turk, who probably weighed
Two hundred, more or less.

And upon the face of that Terrible Turk
Came a look of doubt and pain,
While Bella, above the cheers of the crowd,
Began to beller again:

"Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Only twenty-five cents—a quarter of a dollar—to see Bill Bozeman—this frightful bearded monster—attempt to assassinate the Terrible Turk. Just pay your money to the gentleman in the checked suit at the entrance. Pass right in. Plenty of room for all!"

The crowd began to heave and shove
And fight to get through that door;
And five minutes later the place was jammed
With two hundred people or more.

Then Bella took Bill to a dressing tent,
And handed him out a pair
Of over-sized wrestling trunks that she thought
He could stretch enough to wear.

And, leaving Bill to pour himself in
To these trunks as best he could,
She returned to the door of the larger tent,
Where the Turkish champion stood.

And, as soon as he saw her, that Turkish champ
Began to whine and complain:—

"Say, Bella," he said. "Who is this man Bill Bozeman? Did you ever see him before?"

"No," Bella answered.

"Then I won't wrestle him. I took on this job just to accommodate the boss because his regular Turk got drunk last week and quit. And the boss promised me that he would plant stooges in the crowd and I wouldn't have to take on anybody but them. What's he trying to do, double-cross me?"

"No," said Bella. "He had one of the truck drivers planted out there all ready to step forward. But this Bozeman boy beat him to it—and it's a good thing he did, because, with that build and that beard, he seems to be a box-office natural. You saw the crowd went piling in. It's wonderful."

"It's a dirty trick on me."

"All right," said Bella. "Why don't you complain to the boss?"

"I started to, but he wouldn't listen. He said he had to go over and put the money in the safe in the big truck. So I'm talking to you because you're in charge of this tent. I tell you, it isn't fair to expect me to take this guy on. I'm no Turk, and I'm not even a wrestler, and you know it. I'm Clarence Alford, one of the finest acrobats in the country. This brute might injure me so that my whole future career would be ruined."

"Well, you'll just have to take a chance, Clarence," said Bella.

"But I can't wrestle a total stranger."

"Why not?"

"He might be a professional. There are plenty of them around this town."

"How do you know?"

"When we first arrived I noticed a billboard downtown that advertised wrestling every Thursday night at the Hennepin Falls Coliseum. Maybe this guy is one of the professionals trying to pick up twenty-five dollars on the side."

"Don't be silly, Clarence," said Bella. "No real wrestler is going to monkey around a cheap carnival like this."

"What if I get thrown?" asked Clarence.

"Then the boss pays this elephant his twenty-five. You don't lose anything. And the boss doesn't lose either—there must be at least fifty dollars in the house right now. If you back out, the boss will fire you. You know that."

"Probably he would," Clarence admitted.

"All right, then," Bella said. "You've got to wrestle this lad. And here he comes now. Let's go in."



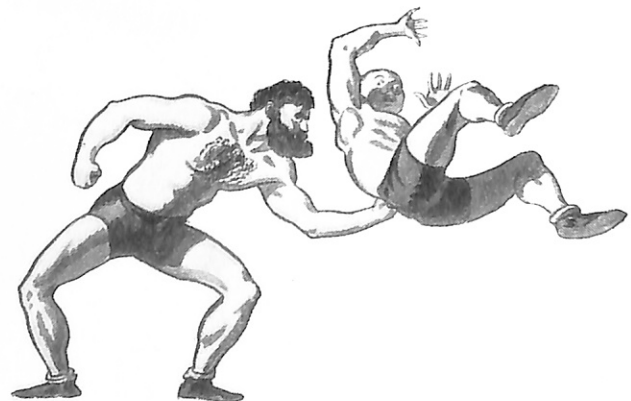
Around the corner of the tent
Appeared an amazing sight—
Bill Bozeman dressed in wrestling trunks,
And ready for the fight.

When Clarence observed how tremendous and
hard
Were the muscles beneath that hide—
When he gazed on that beard and that hairy
chest—
Poor Clarence pretty near died.

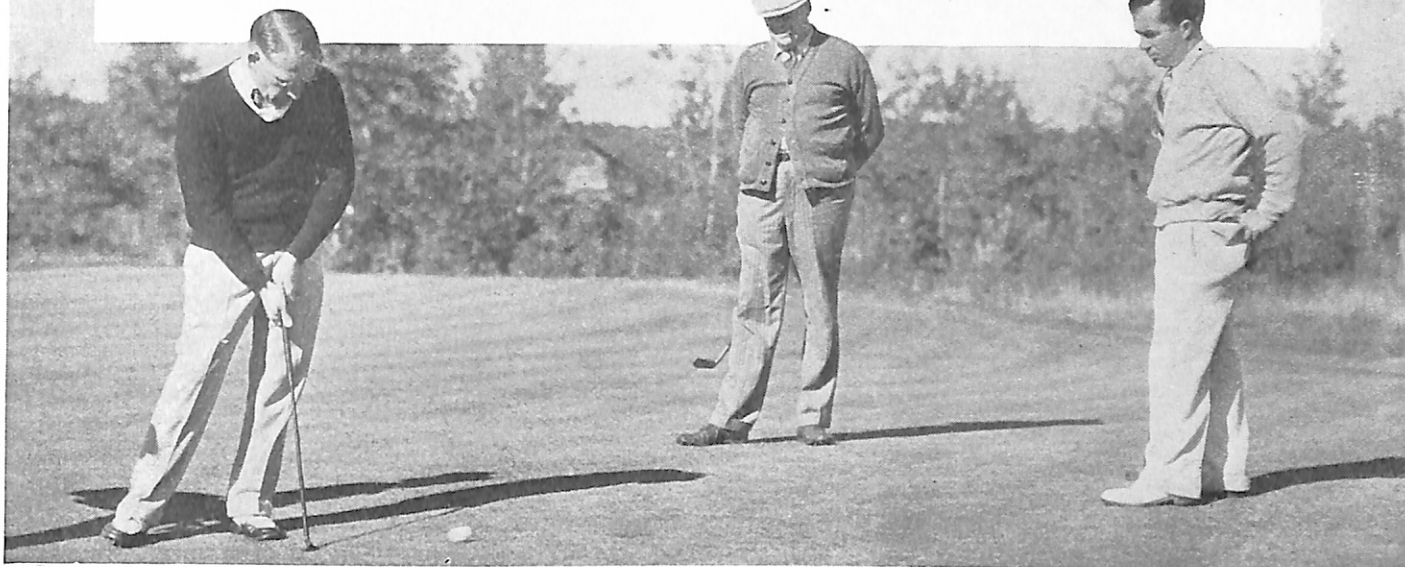
But Bella Jones reached out her hands,
And grabbed his arm and his ear,
And marched poor Clarence right into the tent,
While Bill brought up the rear.

Inside, the eager customers
Were closely packed around
A wooden platform, fenced by ropes,
Three feet above the ground.

(Continued on page 30)



Golf in the Dark



by William C. Robertson

Editor's Note: Had he lived, the author of this article would now be the Grand Treasurer of the Order of Elks. For William C. Robertson was not only a successful writer, an able newspaper man and a prominent citizen in the several communities in which he resided—he was also an Elk, active in the service of the Order for many years. His sudden death while attending the Grand Lodge Convention in Columbus last July, where he had just been elected to the office of Grand Treasurer for 1935-36, has deprived the Order of a loyal and valued member and the literary world of a talented writer.

DUBS, experts, links hounds of both low and high handicap—golfers all: The question our chairman has just put before the house is:

"Who is the most remarkable golfer in the United States today?"

The first name placed in nomination was that of Bobby Jones. The applause which

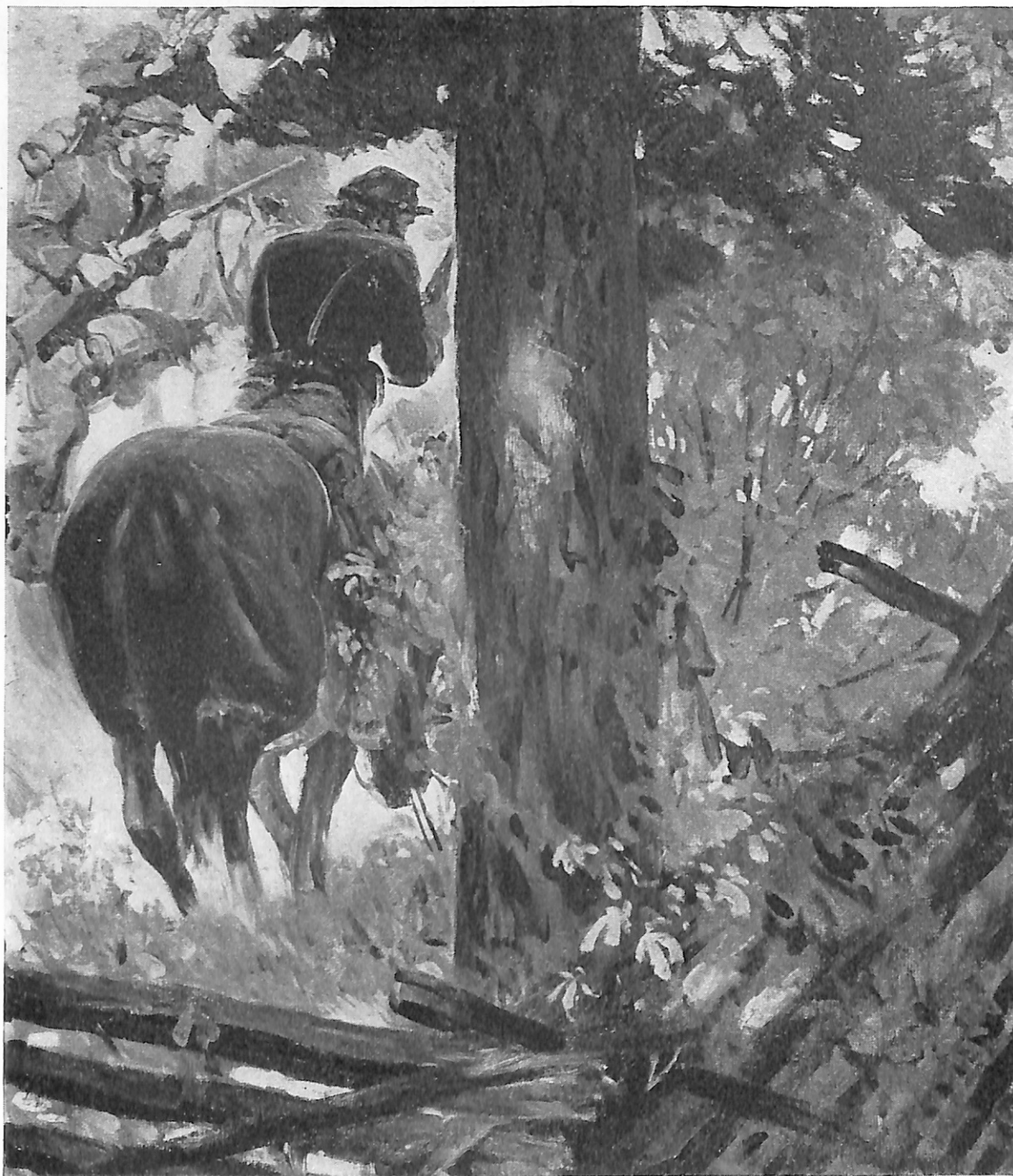
greeted that suggestion seemed well-nigh unanimous. But even though none of us doubt the greatness of Atlanta's favorite son, nor question his right to serious consideration in this connection, not all our hero worshipers of the polytheistic world of golf kneel at one shrine.

Thus we have had other nominations—W. Lawson Little, Jr., Olin Dutra, Walter Hagen, Tommy Armour, Craig Wood, Gene Sarazen, Bobby Cruikshank, Horton Smith, Paul Runyan and others until the list is almost limitless. Even the ladies have had their sponsors who have been heard by generous ears, indicating that they too have been given consideration. Yet I am convinced that the most remarkable golfer in this links-covered land of ours probably has never been heard of by most of you, at least, and therefore I arise from the dub side of the house to ask consideration for Clinton Russell, of Duluth, Minnesota.

It is true Mr. Russell has never shot below 82 although he has equalled that score many times. His handicap is 15. He has not seen a golf ball nor a golf club for twelve years. Yet during that period he has shot the best golf of his career, repeatedly lowered his handicap and slammed out a ringer count of 50 on his home course where old man par grudgingly allots strokes in the number of 69 to his competitors. For Mr. Russell is (Continued on page 40)



At top of page: Clinton Russell putting. Even the average golfer who can see does not often fare better than Mr. Russell did in this shot. At the center in this picture is the late Mr. Robinson himself, the author of this article, and a prominent member of the Order of Elks. Center: Mr. Russell makes a nice shot with one of his irons. At bottom of page: The caddy soling Mr. Russell's driver. Despite the fact that this remarkable player is blind, he handles his clubs with ease, swinging with surprising swiftness and lack of tension



Sam Davis was captured—captured by a troop of cavalry, the Kansas

The Boy Who Walked

ALL wars have their heroes. They have their cowards, too. But whether one believes, with tradition, that the mere fact of going to war carries the assumption of courage; or if one holds with the epigrammatic Mr. Bernard Shaw that "All armies consist mostly of cowards," the brief story of Sam Davis, Confederate Scout, is one of which every American can be justly proud.

Born in Rutherford County, Tennessee, in October, 1842, executed as a Confederate spy in 1863, the boy was twenty-one years old when he died "too young to be measured." The dust from his quiet grave in Smyrna, Tennessee, floats like incense above a busy world which knows little of him. Nathan

Hale grieved that he had but one life to give for his country; but Hale had no chance to escape his fate. Sam Davis, by talking, could have saved himself. That this boy, scarcely more than a child, went to his grave silent is, perhaps, one of those acts which makes man wonder if, sometime, he is not kindred to the gods.

When Lincoln declared war, young Davis, son of worthy folk who tilled their small farms, took up his rifle and went off to Murfreesboro to join up. "States Rights" was the main plank of every Southern political platform and for that platform this boy was ready to fight.

Being, like all lads of his day and kind, a good shot, he be-



Jayhawkers, who had been sent to round up the Coleman Scouts

Like a Man

by Charles Spencer Hart

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

came one of a small group which marched to Nashville and there was mustered in as the First Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. Some of the fine old names of the South were on its roster: Murfree, Ledbetter, King, Beesley and Batey. Later, when the State formally seceded, this organization was known as the First Tennessee Infantry, a famous regiment which engaged in the bloodiest battles of the war. It went in with 1,167 men and came out with 125.

Sam Davis was in the midst of these battles, fighting bravely in all and especially in the immortal battle of Chickamauga. His record was so outstanding that when General Braxton Bragg, the Confederate Commander, directed the or-

ganization of a company of Scouts, Davis was chosen as a member. This company was under the leadership of Captain H. B. Shaw, who spent much time in the Union lines posing as a herb doctor under the name of Coleman.

Coleman's Scouts were the "eyes and ears" of the Confederate Army in Tennessee, that beautiful but dark and bloody ground where soldiers of a common ancestry, fighting against each other, performed prodigies of valor, and where for three long years a desolate people witnessed the advancing and receding tide of battle between two great armies in blue and grey.

The November of 1863 saw General Grant apparently bottled

up in Chattanooga by General Bragg and his Confederate forces. Another Union General, Grenville Dodge, was moving North with a Federal detachment from Corinth, Mississippi, in a parallel line west of General Bragg and with headquarters for the moment at Pulaski, Tennessee, a few miles north of the Alabama line and due south of Nashville.

It was Dodge's purpose to avoid contact with the Confederate Army until he could join up with the forces of General Grant.

General Bragg, with apparent victory in his grasp at Chattanooga, planned to move northwest through Tennessee into Kentucky, chasing Grant and Sherman before him.

A knowledge of the strength and character of the Federal fortifications at Nashville was essential to the success of his campaign. To that end a Benedict Arnold had been found in the Northern Army—an officer of Engineers. The stage was set to obtain these plans and descriptions of the Union fortifications that might obstruct General Bragg's march into Kentucky. The Confederate leader must dispatch a messenger to meet the Union officer who had bargained to sell his country. A hazardous attempt, for the distance was more than a hundred miles through a region swarming with Yankee soldiers.

And for this dangerous mission on which hung the fortunes of the South, General Bragg chose Sam Davis, this farm boy of 21.

And Sam Davis was captured. Captured by a troop of cavalry—the Kansas Jayhawkers—who had been sent out to round up the Coleman Scouts, the handful of less than fifty men who had played such havoc with the Union plans.

That Sam Davis was fearless and resourceful is shown by the fact that, in spite of his youth, he was selected for this vital and hazardous mission.

He rode those hundred miles clad in his grey uniform but with a Union overcoat dyed brown and dyed so indeterminately that it might be mistaken for either blue or grey. Reaching his destination in safety he received from the Union officer the detailed plans. With these papers concealed about his person, he set out on his return journey to Bragg's headquarters. But he reached the end of a longer journey. For on the morning of November 20th, when still within the Northern lines, some 15 miles from Pulaski, he was suddenly surrounded by the Jayhawkers who conveyed him to the quarters of General Dodge. Search revealed the papers and their accuracy was proof positive that he had received them from an officer high in the councils of the Union Army.

The Federal forces were highly elated at this capture. They felt that now, from this mere lad, they would learn not only the identity of the traitor who had furnished the designs of the forts but a description of the leading Southern scouts, particularly Captain Coleman.

Davis admitted that he had obtained the plans but would not tell from whom. While he was being questioned Captain Shaw, alias Coleman, was brought in as a suspect. Davis looked at Shaw and not a flicker crossed his face. The Captain of the Scouts, his iden-

tity unknown and with no suspicious papers on his person, was carelessly watched and eventually escaped.

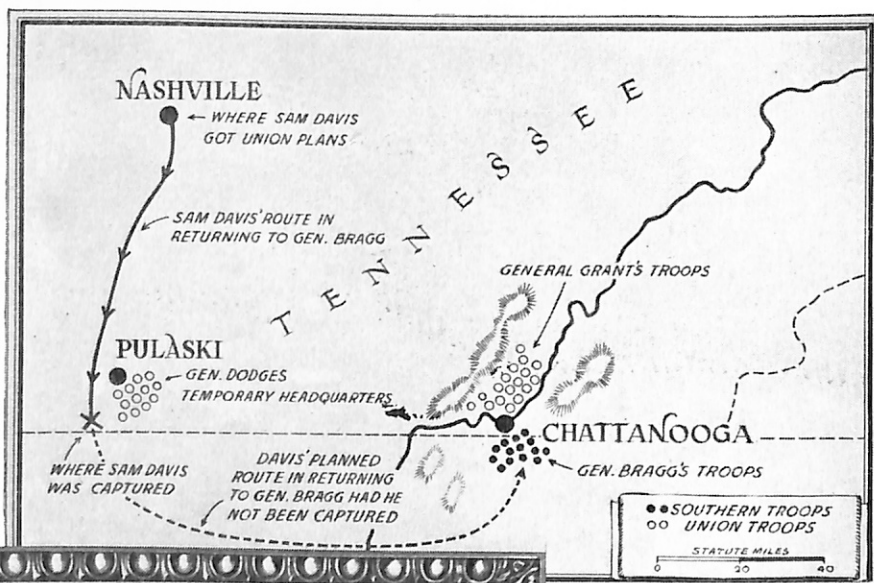
To obtain the name of the Union traitor was of vital importance to General Dodge, and to this end he continually questioned Davis, who in turn consistently refused to divulge the name of the informer. General Dodge offered him the alternative of free pardon and safe conduct to the Confederate lines or trial by court martial, with the almost certain result of death upon the gallows.

Something about the boy touched the General's heart. In a letter years later he said: "He was a fine, soldierly looking boy, dressed in a faded Federal coat, an army soft hat and top-boots; he had a fresh, open face, which was inclined to brightness; and in all things he showed himself a true soldier."

"I pleaded with him with all the power I possessed to give him some chance to save his life. I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity."

In reply to those pleas Davis said to him, "I know, General, that I will have to die; but I will not tell where I got the information and there is no power on earth to make me tell."

There was nothing more that General Dodge could do, and he reluctantly ordered a military commission to be convened for the trial of the prisoner; and before this court Sam was speedily arraigned on the charge of being a spy. After several days of deliberation he was sentenced to be "hanged by the neck until dead."

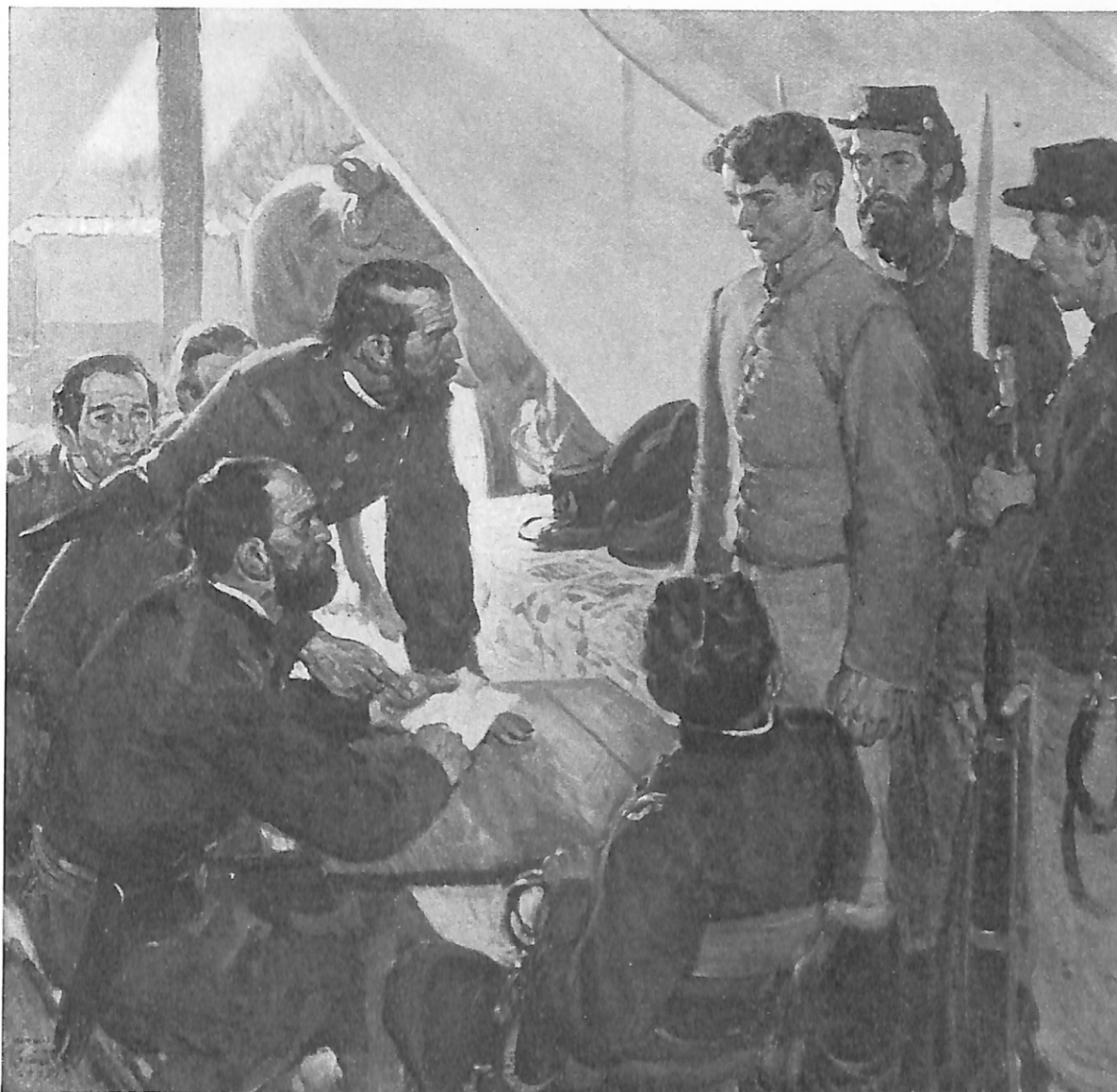


SAM DAVIS

WHEN THE LORD CALLS UP EARTH'S HEROES
TO STAND BEFORE HIS FACE,
O, MANY A NAME, UNKNOWN TO FAME
SHALL RING FROM THAT HIGH PLACE;
THEN OUT OF A GRAVE IN THE SOUTHLAND
AT THE JUST GOD'S CALL AND BECK,
SHALL ONE MAN RISE WITH FEARLESS EYES
WITH A ROPE ABOUT HIS NECK;
O SOUTHLAND! BRING YOUR LAURELS,
AND ADD YOUR WREATH, O NORTH!
LET GLORY CLAIM THE HERO'S NAME
AND TELL THE WORLD HIS WORTH

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

The map above shows the route which Sam Davis took on his return to General Bragg's camp, with the important plans of the Union Army he had secured in Nashville. The small white circles on the map indicate the location of the Northern troops in that vicinity at the time of Davis's capture, while the black circles indicate where the Southern troops were camped. At the left is a reproduction of a plaque which is at the base of the Sam Davis Memorial Monument



General Dodge pleaded with him with all the power he possessed to give him some chance to save his life, but Davis would not tell where he had got the plans

When Captain Armstrong, the provost-marshal, informed the prisoner of the sentence, Davis expressed some surprise at the severity of the punishment, but otherwise manifested no emotion. The boy had supposed that he would die like a soldier facing a firing squad but the cultured nations of the world have retained the ignominy of hanging for the bravest of their enemies, hoping thereby to discourage voluntary enlistment in this branch of the service.

Writing to his mother on the night when sentence was passed—that mother, who, living always in fear, still did not realize how close was Tragedy to the little farm home at Smyrna—his words are at once those of a brave man and of a brave boy.

"DEAR MOTHER:

Oh, how painful to write you! I have got to die tomorrow morning, to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you goodbye forevermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all.

SAMUEL DAVIS."

There was a postscript:

"Mother, tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see you all once more but I never will any more. Mother and father, do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead but do not grieve for me. It will not do any good. Father, you can send after my remains if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some

things, too, with the hotel keeper for you. Pulaski is in Giles County, Tenn., south of Columbia.

S. D."

That was his letter. Everything had happened to him—failure and death. But there was no slackening, no being sorry for himself. Beneath that letter was heart-break; but it was practical, that letter—"you can send after my remains. . . . Pulaski is in Giles County. . . ."

No wonder he had been a marvelous scout. No wonder he was chosen above all others by his captain. The only wonder is that he was captured, this boy lonesome and weary, not with age but with the possession of a burdensome secret of existence.

And no wonder that even his captors were in grief over him. They thought that he would break at the last moment, this mere boy, and tell, not only who was his leader, the master mind of the Scouts, but from whom he had received the plans. They watched him on that last morning as he was driven through the streets, alone in the wagon with the coffin which was to be his. He reached the guarded scaffold, and sat calmly on a bench nearby while preparations for his death went on. When told that he still had fifteen minutes of life he asked for news from the front. He was told of the defeat at Missionary Ridge. He sat very solemn and still, all alone there beside the scaffold, with men young like himself who yet were his enemies. And yet he did not move. Nor tell. He said only: "Well, the boys will have to fight the rest of (Continued on page 38)

Out of His Class

by
Harlan Ware

Illustrated by
Gilbert Bundy

MARVIN SANDLEE left his farm in the high green hills of the Kickapoo one bright May morning and became a wanderer in the highways and byways of that lovely, forgotten country. Glamour cloaked his stooping shoulders and gave new meaning to the work-lines in his face. He was a farmer no longer; he was a showman, and the people thought he was familiar with the ways of a world beyond the hills.

In all the little crossroads towns of the valley, people hung on his words and laughed at his stories, and supposed him wise and rich. They envied him, for it seemed to them that his life was a care-free holiday.

However, he didn't talk to be entertaining, but to hide an uneasiness. He wasn't wise, for he knew little about show business that his wife hadn't taught him. And he was far from rich: fourteen actors and two Swede canvasmen had to be paid and fed before he could save a dime. The world outside the hills bewildered and frightened him; and his life wasn't a holiday, because when spring came, and he left the farm for the tour, he was somehow losing Olga, whom he loved.

Down through the rugged hills, into familiar towns they'd go, tramping the same old route, following their posters through that fertile valley, and Marvin knew that the stir and bustle and excitement was robbing him of his wife. But he would get her back again once fall came and the tents were packed away in the sheds, and winter farm-life took its placid way. Until this year there had always been that solace. He was worried now, because of the invitation from Eric.

THE Marvin's were the last of their kind. Some day soon when spring comes to the Kickapoo it will not bring with it the tents and gay flags of Sandlee's Dramatic Repertoire Company presenting "under canvas" the stirring melodramas of a by-gone day—which still are new and bright and thrilling in the Kickapoo. There will be no more tent shows then. There will be no more real, live actors for the back country—but only picture actors, like Eric Sandlee, their son, who went away and made a hit in Hollywood, California.

It is a long jump from that poor, little wandering tent show, hidden in the green fastness of the hills, to the theatrical pinnacle in California, but Eric made it, going from tent show to stock company, to Broadway and the movies in just a few years. Marvin was not surprised; he expected it. He was only afraid that having stolen his son the movies would also steal his wife.

She had personality, Olga Sandlee had. She could play



Under the glare of the marquee lights he chatted amusingly with those he knew

Gilbert Bundy

those melodramas with a pace and fire that kept an audience on the edge of the benches, with their mouths open. And she was pretty, too. She was almost sixty years old, but to Marvin she was just as pretty now as she had been on that astonishing day, long ago, when she had been willing to leave Dutch Varner's Opera Company, in Wausau, Wisconsin, to live with him on his farm. She had large bright eyes and beautiful white hair—which she combed in a neat, old-fashioned way—and she had a gaiety about her that no weather, nor distress could take away. Marvin was the luckiest husband in the Kickapoo Valley.

It didn't seem possible to him that his wife could go where those managers and producers could see her and not be snapped up.

One look at Olga Sandlee and they would know that no old ladies on the screen could equal her for character parts. One screen test and it would be all over. It would be the end.

It would be the end because Marvin's whole family was out of his class. If the movies got her, too, there was not one of them he could turn to; he would have to come back alone to his farm—he was uncomfortable everywhere else.

He hadn't been comfortable the winter they visited his daughter Hilda who married a music teacher in Chicago. He was even more uncomfortable the winter they visited his son Leif in New York. He would be miserable this winter, visiting his famous son Eric, in Hollywood, California.

All his children were lost to him, almost from the time they could talk.

It did not seem so bad, losing the children, for you raise

children expecting to lose them—that's part of it, that's what the game is. When crops went bad years before and Olga decided to organize a family show and make some money, he had known that his children were as good as gone; but he hoped with all his heart he'd still have her.

Another season was ending. It was a brisk, September night; the closing notice was posted on the callboard. Business was falling off and few cars had driven over the hills to the show. The people knew that a September chill would creep out beyond the glowing charcoal fires in the dramatic top. Tonight the farmers who usually stopped to gossip under the marquee had not paused long.

It wasn't very warm in the little sleeping tents after night-fall, either—in fact, it was cold; toward morning, bitter cold. Marvin, sitting alone in his tent, was not conscious of the cold, however, because he felt so hollow and sick inside of him. He was forlorn and full of forebodings.

That little farm of his, near Boone, roofs sparkling white in the winter snow that soon would come, snug with the glitter from the fireplace across his armchair, would not harbor him this year. That outside world, from which he was safely locked away, from September until May, would get him this time, he felt—for sure. Not for keeps, of course. He knew that it would not get him for keeps. It would let him come back, and probably alone, because he had made the mistake in the beginning of aiming too high and going outside of his own class for his wife. He should be lucky, perhaps, to count back on the years he'd had—bewildered years, but strangely happy, too. A farmer trouping! It was funny enough for him to laugh.

The tent flap opened and Olga Sandlee, in her Gypsy costume from *The Vagabonds*, came laughing in. The movement swung the overhead light bulb and shot a flashing glow over her face, and raced some shadows crazily on the walls. She was about to tell him of a funny mistake that had been made in the third act, but at the sight of his solemn face she grew concerned.

"You should have a sweater on a night like this. My goodness, Dad. You should know it, yourself."

She took a heavy sweater out of his trunk and helped him into it, scolding him all the while. It was affectionate scolding and he liked it; he didn't know what he'd do without it.

"Even in California you'll have to remember sweaters at night, they say. Out there it gets cool along about four o'clock. That's from the sea breeze. You'd better practice putting a sweater on, at evening time."

"I'll do it," he agreed, following her movements with his eyes.

He watched as she dipped her fingers deep into the red can of cold cream—and felt a million miles away. At home when she had her hands in flour he could watch her at work and enjoy it; but with make-up on her face she was a lovely stranger—at such times she was lost to him.

SHE smiled into the make-up mirror so that he might see, over her shoulder. He tried smiling back and knew that the attempt was not successful. He rubbed his hair.

Suddenly she turned around, reached inside the bodice of her dress.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "How could I forget a thing like that?"

"Hm?"

A shiver of apprehension went through Marvin.

"A moment before I went on tonight a special delivery letter came from Eric."

"Special delivery!" he said. "He don't want us to come, maybe? It's called off?" But he knew that good news never came to him in a hurry, but only bad news.

"No, no. What we read in the Milwaukee papers is true. He is married. It's to that English actress Margot Weatherby. Here's a snapshot taken in front of their big home."

Beneath the tan of his face a dull color flushed. He recognized the girl at once. He'd seen her in a movie. Her language had been so pure he could hardly understand what she said.

He spoke in breathless earnestness—"Look, Olga, let's not

Alone in his panic, trailing behind his family, Marvin too passed through the doorway into the noise, the music and gaiety of the club



Gilbert Bundy

Margot said, "They'll never let you leave Hollywood, either of you."



go for all winter. It's nice here in the winter with the snow on the hills. It's fine, I think. I like it."

She was surprised. "Why, how you talk! Don't you want to see Eric?"

He avoided her eyes as he replied:

"You'll be able to talk to her, but I won't. I may not even be able to talk to Eric, any more. All winter is too long. It'll be worse than that New York trip. It'll be the worst trip yet." On her face was a look of disappointment that he couldn't bear. He squared his shoulders. "Oh, listen to me worry, now!" he said. "Forget I said it, Ma. Maybe I'm tired from the season."

He kissed her before she could answer him, and went out. The show was breaking and the people he knew and liked, the people who thought he was rich and witty and wise and glamorous, the people from the hills, were straggling out of the tent. Under the glare of the marquee lights he chatted with those he knew; the kind of talk that came easily to him, about people's children, automobiles and crops, about the weather and the ordinary things like that. He told a story about one of his Swede canvasmen and a blow-down which won a laugh from a little, admiring group who stood around him. When he said something that amused them, they'd exchange glances, or slap him on the back. It was here that people liked him, for he talked their language . . . the awful journey that was before him drifted further away, and in a forgetful joyousness he joined a group of farmers at Ericson's and drank alcohol, hot water and sugar, and told some stories that made them rock back and forth in their seats . . . wondering all the time at his success with them, longing, back in his mind, for the security and solitude of his farm.

All the way westward Olga liked the country more and Marvin liked it less and less. The further he went from the

Kickapoo the more helpless he felt. The last two days across the desert he was miserable. Olga thought the trip was too much for him, but it wasn't that. He couldn't tell her he was driving as fast as the flivver would go toward a disaster.

When they reached San Bernardino that November afternoon they went to a tourist camp to freshen up before driving on to Hollywood.

That hollow foreboding was worse now, almost more than he could handle. He scrubbed his face and neck with soapsuds and water. He put on a new blue shirt with a white tie and a stiff, white collar, and his uncomfortable, tan-and-white shoes. But when he looked in the glass he knew something was wrong somewhere, and he didn't know what. He was sure his son Eric would be ashamed of him and Eric's wife would be shocked. He knew he was all wrong, but he didn't know where to begin to fix it.

BUT Ma was more than equal to this or any occasion. She had bought a new dress in Milwaukee, on the way down; and it was a twenty-two dollar dress, so naturally she looked wonderful. It was tan chiffon, with flowers. She had a big, white hat with flowers, too.

"It's four years since we've even seen Eric—" she said. She didn't finish, but pulled on her new white gloves.

"You look good," he told her.

He decided to keep in the background and let her do all the talking. He didn't see how he could attract much attention or make too many mistakes, if he didn't talk.

They had trouble finding La Cadena Boulevard in Laurel Canyon because they weren't pronouncing it right; but a blonde gas station man finally understood them—he pronounced it the same way.

The journey had been trying enough, but now Marvin was more than ever bewildered, driving along wide boulevards, with palm trees in the parkways and winter flowers brighter than Kickapoo hillsides in the spring.

The Hollywood hills were steep and peril was on every side. With gleam and hurry automobiles swerved impatiently around the pattering flivver. But it was the approach of a reunion with the most outstanding of his children that increased Marvin Sandlee's nervousness until the brown hands trembled on the wheel.

Daring to adjust his sun-glasses, but keeping his eyes dead ahead on the road, he cautioned:

"Watch the house numbers now, Ma."

Twice they passed the house, even after locating the number, boldly lettered on a lawn plate. They couldn't believe it.

"Not that house," Marvin repeated. "It can't be."

But it was, and it loomed upward from the hillside, like a fort.

The flivver seemed to become smaller and older, the house larger and newer, as they chugged up the gravel driveway and came to a jerking stop under the *porte cochere*. When the motor stopped, the silence was worse than the noise it had been making.

"You go to the door and see, Dad," said Olga, in a whisper.

He removed his cap before he rang the bell. He had never been so uncomfortable in his life, paying a visit, as he was paying this one to his son.

The door swung open and a Chinese in a white coat looked out.

"How do you do," said Dad, courteously. "I am Mr. Marvin Sandlee and this is my wife, here in the car. We have just come from Wisconsin to pay a short visit to our son."

The servant didn't speak, but brought the bags in and placed them in the great hall. The Sandlees stood on the porch, waiting, and when invited in, stood waiting in the hall.

"Go sit down, please," said the Chinese.

They went through an arch into a studio living room; Marvin walked on his toes.

In a towering fireplace some white (Continued on page 44)



ON STAGE and Screen



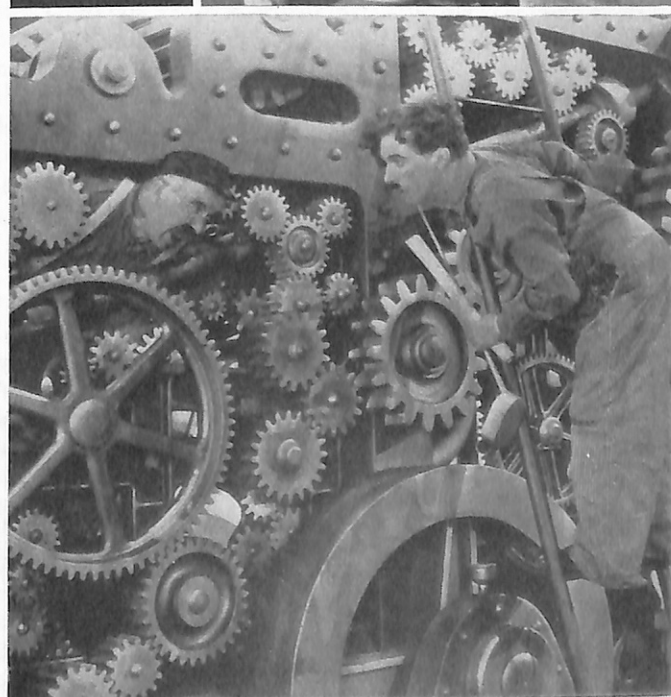
At top, in "Moon on the Prairies," are Sheila Manners, Dick Foran and a horse. Miss Manners and Mr. Foran, an engaging actor who can sing like a fool, appear to have fallen afoul of the westerns (the horse probably likes it). Dick Foran, we are happy to point out, is good and he's going places in the movies and we suggest watching him.

At top, Joe E. Brown, of the stage and movies, is libelled by William Heyer.

Directly above, daffy Miss Beatrice Lillie wafts a breath of Old Vienna (Austria) to her colleagues in "At Home Abroad." The colleagues are Herb Williams, James MacColl, Reginald Gardiner and Eddie Foy, Jr. The revue is veddy, veddy comical, and daffy Miss Lillie, you will be comforted to learn, is daffier than ever.

Center right, Doris Nolan, a beautiful and harried defendant, and Edmund Breese, heckling prosecutor, have it out in "The Night of January 16," a courtroom melodrama which is exciting New York. Miss Nolan's outstanding performance (her first on Broadway) is the talk of the town.

Right, Charlie Chaplin, in an eagerly awaited picture, "Modern Times", with Paulette Goddard.





EDITORIAL

ARMISTICE DAY A PEACE CELEBRATION

SEVENTEEN years ago, on the eleventh of November, 1918, the whole world went mad with joy because an armistice had been signed which had hushed the cannons' roar of the World War. People everywhere were delirious with happiness in the relief which had come from the awful strain under which they had suffered so long. They fell upon their knees and thanked God that peace had come at last.

Ever since that first Armistice Day, its anniversaries have been quite generally celebrated in America. And whatever patriotic fervor may have attended them and however much they have been made the occasions for prideful, even boastful, declarations, they have always been designed as peace celebrations; and have been marked by a spirit of devout thankfulness that the blessings of peace have continued to rest upon us as a nation. They have been intended to encourage the high purpose to retain those blessings as a continuing heritage to our people.

This year there is more reason than usual for the anniversary to be observed in that spirit. As this is written, events are impending which may again draw a number of countries into a terrible conflict. When it comes to the hands of the readers, actual hostilities may have begun; although international agencies are yet striving to prevent such a catastrophe.

The sentiment of the American people, definitely expressed by Congressional action, is against permitting our country to be drawn into the threatened conflict. But there is always danger that the conflagration of war may spread beyond control and that incidents may inflame popular passion and lead to involvements not originally intended.

The celebrations of Armistice Day this year may well be planned with a view to strengthen the purpose of our people to remain at peace with all the world, and to encourage a spirit of patience and calmness that will tend to preserve America's neutrality whatever other nations may become embroiled in war.

Elk Lodges throughout the country will perform a true patriotic service by promoting, and participating in, Armistice Day celebrations which shall be observed in that spirit and with that purpose.

BRIDGE VS. POKER

THE popularity of bridge as a form of social entertainment cannot be denied. The fact that several periodicals maintain special departments devoted to the game and its problems is evidence of the wide interest among their readers in the subject. Indeed it is claimed by many that it has become *the* great American card game.

Admittedly it is a fine game which calls for a high degree of intelligence and an adequate knowledge of the different systems prescribing rather rigid rules relating to bidding and leads. The successful exercise of these qualifications naturally brings a keen enjoyment.

However, there are numerous card players, particularly among men of the older generations, who stoutly contend that poker is still not only the most popular American game but that it is the best card game, bar none, ever devised for man's entertainment. And in support of their contention they advance most appealing and convincing reasons.

There are general rules governing certain of its features, of course; but it is essentially a game in which knowledge of human nature, the ability to read faces, and the capacity to mask one's own expression are of comparable value with that of the cards in hand. It is distinctly a sociable game. There are no rules as to silence or the range of comment. One may be as gabby as he pleases, or as he may deem diplomatic and psychologically advisable.

It is a supreme test of one's poise and good nature. And how one plays his hand is no body's all-fired business but his own. There is no partner to quibble or criticize.

Its numerous off-shoots of jackpots, deuces wild, spit-in-the-ocean, stud, high low, and down the river add a spice of variety which appeal to many. No other game furnishes a basic plan which admits of such infinite variation.

But all include the feature of the draw, which vastly increases its uncertainties and surprises.

Every game of poker is filled with incidents which furnish thrills such as no other game can furnish. The filling of an inside straight; putting over a bluff by standing pat on a busted flush; seeing the tip of the third ace appear as a one card draw to aces up is slowly squeezed into sight; the courageous call which discloses an opponent's effort to run a sandy; these and similar experiences can only be enjoyed in poker.

The opinion is confidently expressed that poker is still the most popular game among Elks and that it will so continue, for it is a he man's game.

THE JOSEPH T. FANNING CLASS

THE question of special campaigns to secure new members in the subordinate Lodges is a perennial subject of controversy. There are many who oppose them as having an asserted tendency to laxity in the invitations of applicants. But it is quite generally conceded that a concerted effort among the Lodges to secure large classes for some particular occasion is, when pursued with due care, a most effective method of securing additions to membership.

Most persons prefer to be initiated in a large class rather than as the sole candidate. And there is a natural interest which attends a ceremony that is conducted as a special feature of an unusual occasion.

It is for these reasons that Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan has requested each of the Lodges to make special efforts to secure a large class to be initiated in November, to be called the "Joseph T. Fanning Class" in tribute to the Dean of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers. And he urges the Lodges to provide an attractive program which will make the occasion a real fraternal event.

Nothing but good can come from such an activity properly conducted. It should result in substantial additions to the rolls as well as an aroused interest among the membership generally.

It is hoped that reports of this event will give proof of the generous response to the appeal of the Grand Exalted Ruler which was pledged to him at Columbus.

THE TRUE MAN

THE mere biographical facts of his life and work do not give the true picture of any man. What others think of him and say of him is as much a true part of him as the shape of his head. Tradition is as valuable in evoking the real man as is history, for it is evidence of the influence he has exerted upon others; and that influence is as much a part of him as any physical characteristic or any proved fact of achievement.

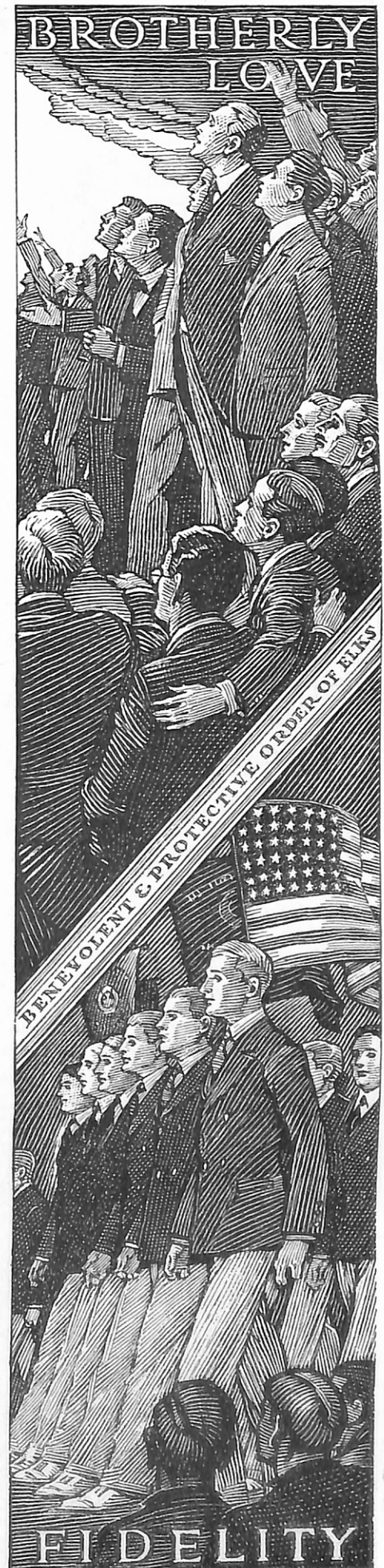
Many biographies have been written in recent years in which the authors have attempted to strip from their subjects the glamour which history and tradition have thrown about them. They call it "debunking"; and claim to have written only the truth. But their efforts have been of questionable value. Certainly they have been unsuccessful in effacing the effects of tradition or in materially altering the mental concepts of their subjects which have been entertained by successive generations.

It may smack of scholarly research to proclaim that Washington was once criticised for some speculative trading in public lands, and to quote the page of some record as a proof thereof. But Washington is still the ideal patriot in the hearts of all Americans. He is still the revered "Father of His Country."

To detail the sordid facts of Alexander's death does not prevent him from being still called "The Great," nor from being in fact "The Great;" for that title and all it implies has become a part of the real world conqueror.

And so of lesser men who yet live. The true man is not merely the physical and mental individual whom we see and hear and can touch, but he is as truly the man we have created in our estimates of him, for that is very accurately the measure of the influence he wields and which is an essential part of him.

Those estimates are generally correct, for a man's associates and contemporaries have an uncanny capacity for gauging his real character and the place he should occupy in history. This fact adds to the value of tradition in creating and preserving for posterity the essentially true man. And no attempts to displace him from his traditional niche are likely to succeed.



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Elks Will Participate in 1936 Olympic Games

There is keen excitement in Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, due to the fact that one of its members, John (Donna) Fox, will participate in the 1936 Olympic Games to be held in Berlin. Young Fox won the bob-sled race at Lake Placid in the Olympic trials and will therefore be one of the members of the American Bob-Sled Team at the Games. Two other members of the Team are Elks and the initiation of the fourth will take place before the end of Autumn. The father of Donna Fox was the late John J. Fox, P.E.R., Trustee, and one of the most beloved members of Bronx Lodge.

The Fox team is exceedingly well balanced. Young Fox weighs 200 pounds; Max Bly, 205; Dick Lawrence, who used to be one of Jim Ten Eyck's varsity oarsmen at Syracuse, weighs 227, and Jim Bickford, the brakeman, 202. Young Fox is the first bob-sled driver to use earphones similar to those on airplanes. He talked to Bickford on the record dash which won the Olympic trials in one minute, forty-four and forty-three one-hundredths seconds. (The speed is so great in bob-sledding that the time has to be clocked in hundredths of seconds.)

As the Government will not finance the bob-sled team for the trip to Germany, it will be necessary to raise \$10,000 for the expenses. Bronx Lodge is endeavoring to assist the bob-sledders to raise funds for the trip, and E.R. George B. Bley reports that contributions are being received at the Bronx Lodge Home, 2050 Grand Concourse, Bronx, New York City.

George B. Bley, E.R.

Florida Elks Meet at DeLand Lodge

A state-wide Elks meeting was held in DeLand, Fla., over a recent weekend, attended by 75 Exalted Rulers and Secre-

taries representing 21 of the 34 Lodges in Florida. Governor David Sholtz,

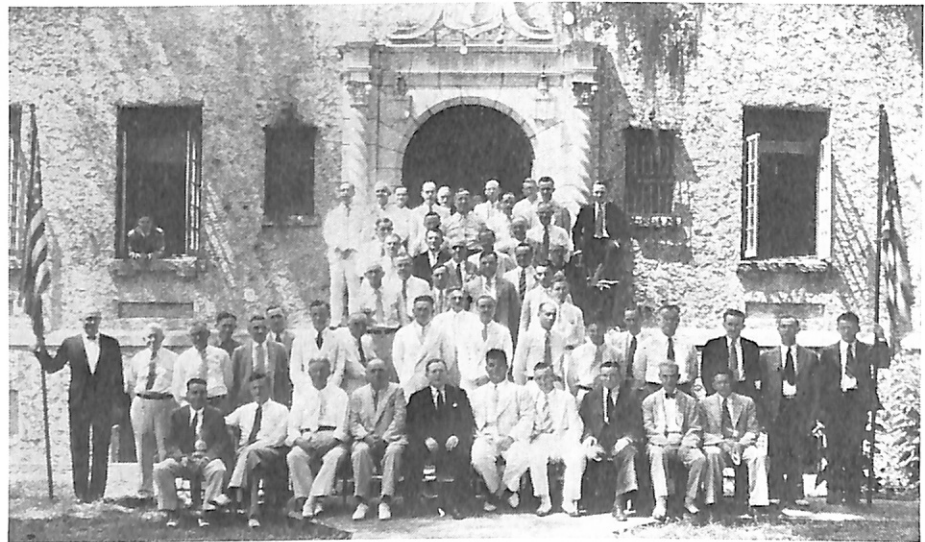
Official Notice

I desire to notify the members of our Order that the Sweepstakes Tickets sent through the mail by certain members of Lorain, O., Lodge, and which Lorain Lodge disclaims sponsoring, are unlawful and contrary to our Law. All Brothers of our Order receiving same are urged to return them, as I have declared them contrary to the laws of our Order.

JAMES T. HALLINAN
Grand Exalted Ruler

Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, was the principal speaker on the Sunday morning program. He urged the Elks to begin an extended drive for membership. William P. Mooty, of Miami, Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., presided over the first half of the session, turning the chair over to D.D. Caspian Hale when he left with Gov. Sholtz to return to Miami. It was suggested during the business session that new Lodges be formed at Leesburg, Pahokee, Plant City and Bartow.

Each Lodge was requested to form an "On to California Committee" to urge attendance at the 1936 Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Los Angeles. Gov. Sholtz stated that it was his hope to take one of the big bands, to have a



Important Florida Elks gathered at the handsome Home of DeLand, Fla., Lodge for a State-wide meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries. Governor David Sholtz, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, is seated in the front row, center



The bob-sled team, driven by John "Donna" Fox which will participate in the 1936 Olympic Games backed by the strong support of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge

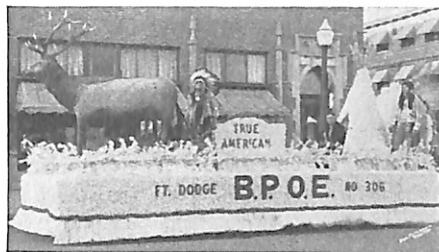
large float, and to have an even larger delegation present than attended the Columbus Reunion last July.

Brief talks were made during the session by Past State Pres. Harold Colee, of St. Augustine, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; D.D.'s Caspian Hale, G. M. Austin and M. Frank O'Brien; Past State Pres. J. Edwin Baker, Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla; Past State Pres.'s Frank E. Thompson and J. L. Reed, Sr., Tampa; P.D.D. Alto Adams, Fort Pierce; E.R. Terrell R. Young, Tampa, and P.E.R. W. A. Wall, West Palm Beach.

A gala dance opened the week-end meeting, lasting until 4 A. M. The business session was held the following morning, and at noon DeLand Lodge was host at a luncheon.



Underprivileged children who were taken on an outing by Greensboro, N. C., Elks



Don Peterson

The float which Fort Dodge, Iowa, Elks designed, decorated and entered in the Centennial Celebration held there. The float took second prize

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Holds Dinner for Grand Exalted Ruler

Tuesday, October 8, was a day that will be remembered in the annals of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan was greeted at his own Lodge by a large assemblage of the rank and file of the Order in the vicinity.

At the dinner served the guests on the occasion, P.E.R. Judge Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., presided and the only speaker was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning. Mr. Fanning spoke briefly, but in terms highly laudatory of the honor guest. While dinner was in progress the regular procedure prevailed in Queens Borough Lodge and at the termination of the session, with the well equipped and highly efficient Drill Team acting as Guard of Honor, the distinguished guests were presented to an audience that filled every available inch of the large Lodge room in the Home of No. 878.

The first introduced included all Justices of the Supreme Court in the Second Department, the exception being Edward Lazansky, Chief Justice of the Appellate Division, who sent a telegram of regret, as did Postmaster-General James A. Farley. The Appellate Division was represented by the Hon. William F. Hagarty, William B. Carswell and John B. Johnston.

The Trial Bench was represented by Justices Charles J. Dodd, George E. Brower, John H. McCooey, Jr., Burt Jay Humphrey, Edward J. Byrne, Harry E. Lewis, Charles C. Lockwood, Mitchell May, Thomas J. Cuff, Peter P. Smith, Alonzo G. McLaughlin, Albert Conway, Edward Riegelmann, John MacCrate, Leander B. Faber, Thomas C. Kadien, Alfred V. Norton, Frank F. Adel and Henry G. Wenzel, Jr.; and Justice Pel-

ham St. George Bissell, President Justice of the Municipal Courts.

The Grand Lodge was represented by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Murray Hulbert; Grand Trustees Henry A. Guenther and William T. Phillips; Charles S. Hart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; F. William Wolters, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and District Deputy Michael A. Petroccia.

The N. Y. State Elks Association was represented by Past President Joseph Brand of Bronx Lodge; Secy. Philip Clancy, of Niagara Falls Lodge, and Vice-President Herbert R. Ninesling, of Great Neck Lodge.

Other distinguished guests included the leaders of the political parties of Queens Borough in the persons of the Hon. Warren Ashmead, James C. Sheridan and Timothy J. Mara. Past Exalted Rulers of Queens Borough Lodge and surviving charter members completed the list of special guests of the evening.

The speakers included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Justice William F. Hagarty, Justice Mitchell May, Justice Leander B. Faber and Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, the guest of honor, Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan, responding.

A pleasant feature of the reception was the presentation to the Grand Exalted Ruler from the members of his own

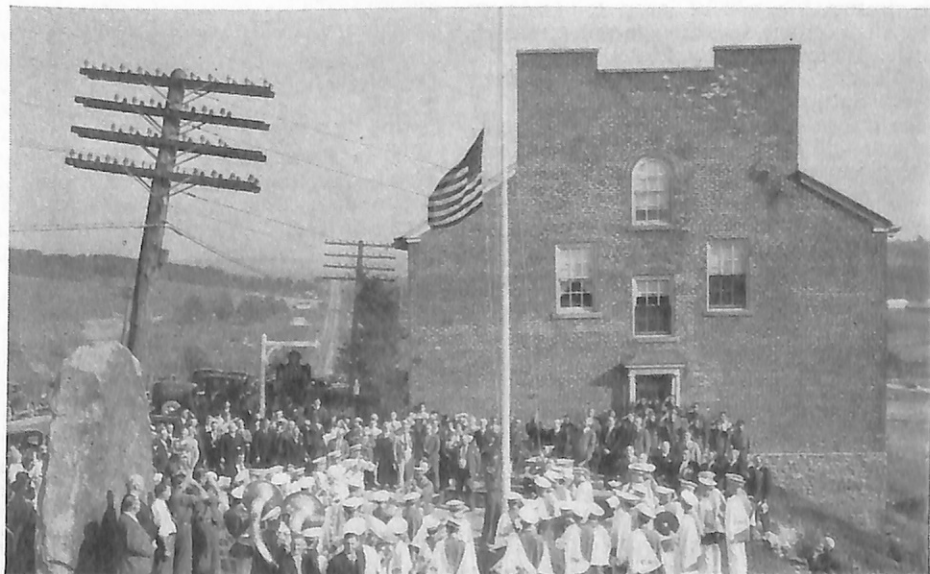
Lodge of a beautifully appointed automobile and a case enclosing an appropriately inscribed emblem, significant of the Order and the office which he holds. It was indeed a wonderful occasion.

The keynote of the several addresses was the determination upon the part of every one present to promote the formation of the Joseph T. Fanning Class which will be initiated in honor of the Dean of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers on Thursday, November 14.

Record Class Initiated in Athens, Ga., Lodge

The officers of Athens, Ga., Lodge, No. 790, recently initiated the largest class of candidates in its history. The class was designated the "Arthur Flatau Class" in honor of the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, and numbered among the 40 members many young professional and business men of the community. Col. Flatau presided at the ceremonies. The occasion also marked the observance of his birthday. A supper was served in the dining room of the Lodge Home, before the meeting, to the candidates and members.

Col. Flatau served twice as District Deputy for Georgia, North, and a previous term as Exalted Ruler of Athens Lodge. He is one of the most prominent and popular Elks in that section of the State. He is at present a member of the staff of Governor Eugene Talmadge.



A photograph of the ceremonies which took place at Fort Necessity, Penna., during the flag pole dedication held recently under the auspices of Uniontown, Penna., Lodge. The flag pole was a gift of the Lodge



Drivers of the Good Will Tour Cars photographed while paying a visit to Ionia, Mich., Lodge during which time they lunched at the Country Club. Many prominent members of the Lodge are pictured with them

A large group of crippled children were recently entertained by Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge. The Committee chartered a boat, shown below, and took them on a sail to Roton Point Park, Norwalk, Conn., where the party disembarked and patronized all of the amusements. The well known clown, "Toto," a member of the Lodge, and Tex Fletcher, the Lonesome Cowboy of the air, also entertained the children

Goldman's Studio

Cincinnati Lodge Makes Further Arrangements for Bowling Tournament

Word has come to the Bowling Committee of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, from two important members of the Elks National Bowling Association, Pres. Frank G. Mitzel of Detroit, and Secy.-Treas. John J. Gray of Milwaukee, that they will be in Cincinnati on November 16 and 17 to select the alleys for the Elks National Bowling Tournament. This is good news to the local Committee which has been working hard to get arrangements under way ever since the Tournament was granted them last Spring.

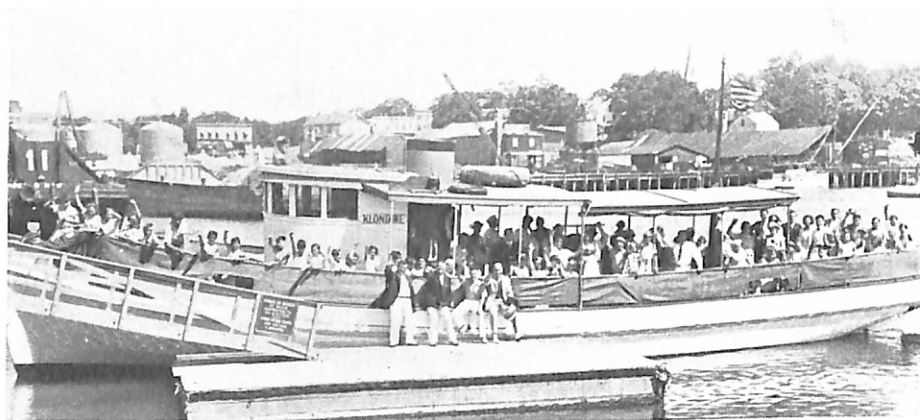
The Hotel Netherland Plaza has been selected as headquarters for the Elk bowlers. There is said to be a real surprise in store for those Elks who visit the city during the Tournament, as the Netherland Plaza is one of the world's most modern and luxurious hotels. It is located in the center of the downtown district and towers 351 feet above the street level. Its 800 guest rooms fill 29 floors. All are outside rooms with tub and shower-bath combinations. Each room is equipped with a four-station radio. The Hotel is located five blocks from the Home of Cincinnati Lodge. Those who plan to travel to Cincinnati by automobile will be interested to know that the garage facilities permit guests to drive directly into the Hotel.

Visiting bowlers will be entertained each Saturday night in the ball room of the Lodge Home where food and refreshments will be served to take care of their requirements. The local Entertainment Committee, in addition, promises a floor show that will continue until a late hour each Saturday night.

George F. Conner, E.R.

Bessemer, Ala., Lodge Is Instituted

With a charter list of 74 members, Bessemer, Ala., Lodge, No. 721, was instituted on Sept. 11 by D.D. C. L. Haley, Jr., of Florence Lodge, and P.D.D. Harry W. English of Birmingham Lodge. The ceremonies were impressively performed in the old Lodge Home in Bessemer by the officers of Birmingham Lodge. They were ably assisted by the Birmingham Elks Patrol which took part in the floor work. More than 100 Elks from Ensley, Florence, Birmingham, Bessemer and nearby localities were present, and a



fine fraternal spirit prevailed throughout the meeting, after which a luncheon was served.

George H. Baumgardner, Sr., was elected Exalted Ruler and A. R. Oxford was made Secretary. It was largely through the efforts of State Pres. Clarence M. Tardy that the Lodge was organized.

C. L. Haley, Jr., D.D.
H. W. English, P.D.D.

Southwest District of Illinois Association Holds Conference

The Southwest District Conference of Illinois was held on Sept. 15 in the Home of Alton, Ill., Lodge, No. 746. D.D. Dr. Bryan Caffery presented the Grand Lodge program and called upon the Past District Deputies to assist him in carrying it out. P.D.D.'s Robert M. Garnier, William Ryan, Jr., H. E. Richards and Bryan Compton were present and pledged their support. P.D.D.'s Norman Hoffman and H. L. Myer, who were unable to attend the conference, sent assurances of their cooperation.

State Vice-Pres. J. Francis Walsh presented the program of the State Association with the assistance of T. D. Guardinoroff of the Inter-Lodge Relationship Committee, R. W. Gass of the Ritualistic Committee, and Trustee O. L. Borman.

All but three Lodges in the District were represented by their Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and one or more additional members. They pledged their hearty support of the campaign to enroll every Lodge in the District in the State Association.

Dinner was served at the Mineral Springs Hotel, after which the all who had participated in the meeting went over to

St. Louis where they witnessed the ball game between the Giants and the Cardinals from specially procured box seats.

The enthusiasm displayed in the meeting assures the District of an active and profitable year.

Dr. Bryan Caffery, D.D.

N. Y. State Elks Assn. Holds Conference

The Annual Fall Conference of the New York State Elks Association was held at Syracuse, N. Y., at noon on October 5. Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan was present and was introduced by State Pres. George W. Denton who presided over the meeting. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was both interesting and instructive and was confined strictly to matters of the Order. The assemblage was roused to a high state of enthusiasm when he spoke ardently of the Joseph T. Fanning Class to be initiated in all the Lodges of New York State on November 14. The Conference heartily endorsed the project and agreed to cooperate fully in making it a success.

Sixteen of the 20 Past Presidents of the Association were in attendance. Grand Lodge officers present included William T. Phillips, New York Lodge, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Benn Kenyon, Auburn Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum; Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, Lyons Lodge, Grand Chaplain; F. William Wolters, Queens Borough Lodge, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; and D.D.'s Michael A. Petroccia, Glen Cove; Claude Y. Cushman, Binghamton; Stephen McGrath, Oneida; Dr. Roy M. Bradley, Jamestown, and William A. Wolff, Rome.

The Vice-Presidents of the State Association who assisted Pres. Denton were: Herbert R. Ninesling, Great Neck; Matthew T. Lee, Norwich; Isaac G. Braman, Watervliet; Leo J. McCue, Seneca Falls; Albert F. Kleps, Jr., Batavia, and Francis J. Lawler, Rome.

Dates for the Twenty-Fourth Annual Convention to be held at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., were fixed for May 31, June 1-2-3, 1936.

The Conference was more largely attended than any of recent years and all present were in agreement that the tide has turned and that better days are at hand for the subordinate Lodges and the Order in general.

Toys for Children Made Up by Columbus, O., Lodge

One of the outstanding activities of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, may be of general interest to other Lodges of the Order. This is the supervision of the manufacturing and assembling of toys to be presented to poor children of the community at Christmas time. E.R. Paul M. Herbert, Secy. C. W. Wallace and Fred H. Hertel are in charge of the work.

Mr. Hertel gathers up old crates, boxes and waste materials from factories, plants and stores in the locality. The toys are made from this material in the High and Junior Trade Schools, and other institutions where boys are taught to use their hands as well as their brains. The painting is usually done at a work-house or prison where the inmates are glad of the

opportunity to do something that will not only pass the time but that will bring pleasure to under-privileged children.

Mr. Herbert presented prizes recently to four boys of St. Vincent's Orphanage of Columbus who have so far made the best toys. All raw material, nails, bolts and screws, together with paints and brushes, were donated to the Orphanage in addition to the loan of the necessary tools for making the toys.

C. W. Wallace, Secy.

Old Gold Baseball Contest Winners to be Announced Next Month

The editors wish to announce that the winners of the Old Gold Baseball Contest will be named in the December issue of *The Elks Magazine*. The time required in checking the results of the contest has been much longer than was expected because of the thousands of estimates sent in by entrants in the contests.

Savannah, Ga., Lodge Mourns Prominent Member, G. P. Maggioni

In the recent death of Gilbert Philip Maggioni, Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183,

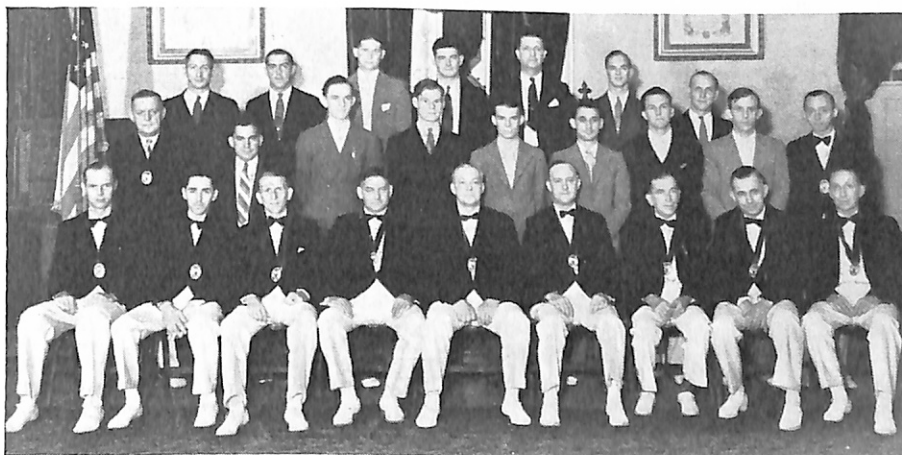
has lost a member who devoted a large part of his time to the Order. He was a leader in Savannah Lodge and had the unequalled honor of having been thrice elected its Exalted Ruler. It was shortly after he had left the Lodge Home that Mr. Maggioni was stricken with a heart attack to which he succumbed. He was 59 years of age.

Mr. Maggioni was first installed as E.R. in April, 1919, and served again during the Lodge years 1920-21 and 1921-22. His tenure of office was highly successful and he started Savannah Lodge on the road that has led it to become the large institution that it is today. At the end of his first year of office it was announced that the membership had increased by 111 members and receipts had almost tripled. After his retirement from office his advice and counsel were frequently sought. He was an Honorary Life Member of Savannah Lodge.

Mr. Maggioni was also a Past President of the Ga. State Elks Assn. During his association with that body it enjoyed some of its best years. Several years ago he presented the Association with a handsome trophy to be awarded to the best Ritualistic Team among the Georgia Lodges. A member of the Grand Lodge, Mr. Maggioni attended many National Conventions and his ability and interest were recognized by appointment to several important Grand Lodge Committees.

Funeral services were held at St. Patrick's Church. A large delegation of Savannah Elks were present for the last rites.

Walter B. Murphy, Secy.



Above are pictured the officers of Dover, N. J., Lodge and 14 candidates whom they initiated recently in an impressive ceremony. Dover Lodge has enjoyed a successful summer and fall season and looks forward to an even more prosperous winter

Right are girls who participated in the Biloxi, Miss., Labor Day Festival sponsored by Biloxi Lodge. The Festival marked the start of the Biloxi shrimp and oyster industry which employs more than 4,000 fishermen, factory workers and over 500 boats. Miss Frances Pavlov, fifth from left, was crowned Oyster Queen

Anthony V. Ragusin



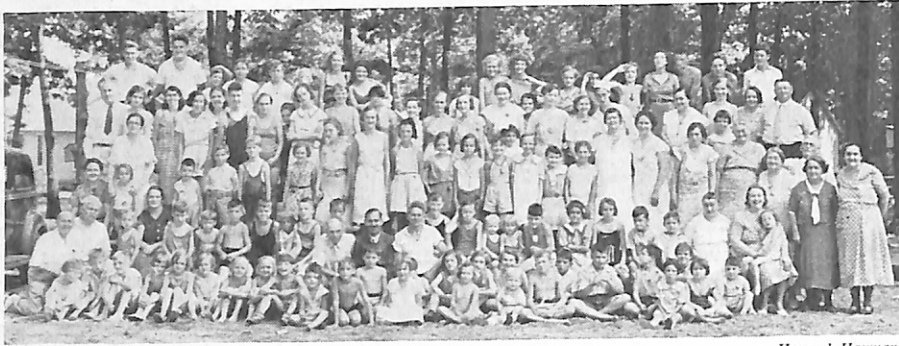
Saranac Lake Lodge Holds Clambake

Elks from Malone, Ogdensburg, Watertown and Tupper Lake in Upper New York State, recently attended a clambake held by Saranac Lake Lodge, No. 1508. The bake was one of the most successful of its kind ever held in that part of the country. Fully 400 Elks attended, doing away with the supply of food in short order, and participating enthusiastically in the sports program arranged and presented by Saranac Lake Lodge. Marshall Trevelli and his Committee received hearty congratulations from the New York Elks upon the success of their entertainment program.

(Continued on page 36)

Eastern Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges



The above photograph shows some of the members and guests of the Children's Day Outing of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, which recently provided an annual Children's Day for the underprivileged children of Annapolis

Season of Outstanding Activities For Bronx, N. Y., Elks

It was announced in a recent issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE that E.R. George B. Bley of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, and his baseball team had offered their services as contestants in a game with any Lodge within a radius of 100 miles. The only condition was that the entire receipts of the game go to the Crippled Children's Fund of the Lodge sponsoring the game. As the result of the hearty response to Mr. Bley's invitation, Bronx Lodge played a number of games with neighboring Lodges, among them being Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge (two games), netting \$600; Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge, netting \$1,000; the Art Color A.A.—a game held for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Fund of Plainfield and Dunellen, N. J., Lodges, netting \$400; Naugatuck, Conn., Lodge, netting \$300, and Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Lodge. The proceeds from the Mt. Kisco game had not been ascertained at the time of writing.

Plenty of rooters were on hand at all the games to cheer the teams. Delegations of Bronx members and their ladies usually went along to help liven things up.

Another activity recently accented by Bronx Lodge has been the holding of this year's Annual Amateur Boxing Bouts, the entire proceeds of which go yearly to the Crippled Children's Charity Fund. The bouts held recently at Dyckman Oval brought out a large crowd, including some 2,000 non-Elks, to witness one of the best boxing cards arranged in years by the A.A.U. officials. The participants included boxers who are Metropolitan, State and Golden Glove champions. Mr. Bley, who sits in as a member of his Athletic Committee, was aware early in his administration of the great good derived not only from giving the membership a fine night's entertainment, but of the money that could be added to the Crippled Children's Charity Fund. He commandeered the members of the oldest and most successful Athletic Committee and with their assistance supplied splendid fistic sport. Jack Dempsey refereed one of the bouts. Bronx Lodge plans to stage a boxing show each month during the remainder of the year.

The Charity Ball, held annually by No. 871, under the auspices of its Social and Community Welfare Committee, will be held at the Concourse Plaza Hotel at 161st Street and the Grand Concourse, Bronx, New York City, on Election Eve, November 4. A large turnout of members and their ladies is anticipated, as the Ball promises to be one of the outstanding social events of the year on the Lodge's calendar.

George B. Bley, E.R.

News of Leominster, Mass., Lodge

Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, has embarked on an ambitious program of activities for the winter season. A large carnival was scheduled for the latter part of October, and it was expected that the Lodge's Charity Fund would be considerably augmented by the proceeds.

A Club Tournament during the latter part of the Fall and the first half of the Winter will be a source of pleasure to the many devotees of various indoor sports. When that program has been completed another will start. Whist parties for Elks and for the ladies are also under way.

Milo H. Bemis, Correspondent

Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge Holds District Deputy Night

October 1 marked the occasion of the official visit of Robert S. Kelly of Newburgh Lodge, No. 247, D.D. for New York, East Cent., to Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645. Since it was the new District Deputy's inaugural visit, a large gathering of Elks assembled in the Lodge Home to hear his message from the Grand Exalted Ruler. A number of visiting delegations from other Lodges in the District swelled the ranks of Port Jervis Elks and helped Mr. Kelly begin his term of office auspiciously.

A class of candidates was initiated, the ritualistic work being admirably exemplified by the officers under the leadership of E.R. Alvin E. Chase who dedicated the meeting to the veteran members of the Lodge. About 75 Old Timers were present. The Hon. William Parshall deliv-

ered an inspiring address on behalf of Port Jervis Lodge.

*P.E.R. Vincent Hauber,
Correspondent*

St. Augustine Ladies Aid Harry-Anna Home

The organization of an Anna Miller Circle, to assist St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge, No. 829, in its work for the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home at Umatilla, Fla., was accomplished by a group of interested women at a recent meeting in the Lodge Home. The Harry-Anna Home is the main charitable objective of Florida Elks. Mrs. Charles T. Groh was elected President of the Circle, Mrs. Ray Kauble, Vice-President, and Mrs. G. W. Winningham, Secretary-Treasurer. A committee was named to draft a Constitution and By-Laws.

Past State Pres. J. Edwin Baker, Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Memorial Home and a member of the Exec. Com. of the Florida State Elks Assn., was present at the meeting to assist in the organization of the Circle. He explained thoroughly how the ladies could best aid the Home and its young inmates who need so much.

Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the gathering, and a brief social period was enjoyed. Those enrolled at the first meeting make up a Membership Committee whose work is to enlist interest in the project and secure new members.

News of Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1508, went to work with a will last summer to assist in placing the fifty-odd little New York City waifs sent to Saranac Lake for a two weeks' vacation through the New York Herald Tribune Fund. P.E.R. Matthew M. Munn and Est. Lead. Knight Hymie Weiner were fairly snowed under by children who had come to the healthful mountain climate for a fortnight, but they somehow succeeded in finding temporary homes for all the youngsters.

John E. Keough, E.R. of the Lodge last year, was made an Honorary Life Member at a recent meeting. The honor was bestowed upon him for his part in leading No. 1508 through the most successful year it has yet enjoyed. The presentation was made by P.E.R. William B. Davidson, a Past Vice-Pres. of the New York State Elks Assn.

Uniontown, Pa., Lodge Dedicates Flagpole

Impressive ceremonies marked the flag pole dedication at Fort Necessity, Pa., held recently under the auspices of Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370. The flagpole, a gift of Uniontown Lodge, was presented by P.E.R. Wooda N. Carr, and accepted by J. W. Abraham, Chair-

man of the Memorial Association. Verne Chatelain, Chief Historian of the National Parks Service, came from Washington especially to attend the ceremonies and to represent the national government.

The Grand Lodge was represented by D.D. W. C. Kipp, of Apollo, Pa., Lodge, No. 386. Mr. Kipp spoke on the patriotic activities of the Order. Music was furnished by the Apollo Elks Boys Band. Wade K. Newell presided. About 300 Elks and their wives attended the dedication exercises.

H. N. Keller, Secy.

Crippled Children of Boonton Entertained by Boonton Lodge

Forty little cripples of Boonton, N. J., were recently entertained at an outing and picnic at the Olympic Amusement Park. They were the guests of the Boonton Elks, the Ladies Auxiliary, the Rotary Club and the Olympic Park management.

From the time they started out in private automobiles from the Home of Boonton Lodge, No. 1405, until they were returned to their homes in the evening, their day was one continuous round of entertainment and happiness. Tickets to rides and the various concessions were supplied by Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther.

During the afternoon the guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey, arrived. They were escorted by Judge Frederick E. Goldsmith, a P.E.R. of New York Lodge, No. 1. Judge Goldsmith is a personal friend of the Dempseys and a man who had long been an interested observer of New Jersey's crippled children work. Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey judged the annual baby parade and prize contests and both generously autographed albums and cards for the children.

Jack Dempsey personally handed to each of the children one of the gifts provided for them by Boonton Lodge and the Park management.

Among the prominent Elks who attended the outing were Mr. Guenther and Judge Nicholas Albano, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., both of whom are P.E.R.'s of Newark Lodge.

Greensboro, N. C., Elks Take More Than 200 Boys to Fair

Two hundred and twenty-six of the underprivileged boys in Greensboro, N.



A composite picture of well-known Elks and guests at the picnic recently held by Boonton, N. J., Lodge for crippled children. At top center is Jack Dempsey with his wife, autographing cards for the children

C., many of whom had never even seen a merry-go-round, were given a delightful treat when Greensboro Lodge, No. 602, took them to the Greensboro Fair. It was hard to tell who got the biggest kick out of the excursion—the Elks or the youngsters. The boys, who are banded together under the name of the Junior Citizens' League, were divided into four groups. Each group was led by an Elk and a Y. M. C. A. worker and, through the cooperation of the Cetlin-Wilson Circus people, by a clown.

The fun began with a ride on the merry-go-round and continued on down the midway. The Wild West Show, all the riding devices and all the concessions chosen for the boys by their escorts, were taken in, and they were fed with hot dogs and all the other edibles that taste so good at a Fair. Plenty of seats were provided in the grand stand for the enjoyment of the horse races and platform entertainments.

The affair was supervised by E.R. John W. Caffey of Greensboro Lodge. Mr. Caffey expressed his appreciation of the aid given the Elks in providing the treat, by the local Y. M. C. A. and the city schools and by the managements of the Fair and the Cetlin-Wilson shows.

John W. Caffey, E. R.

John P. Welch, Chaplain of Portland, Me., Lodge, Dies

Portland, Me., Elks mourn the loss of John Patrick Welch, who served as

Chaplain of Portland Lodge, No. 188, for 37 years, and as Chaplain of the Maine State Elks Assn. from the time of its organization. Mr. Welch, aged 75, died on Sunday, September 15th, after an illness of many weeks. He was a charter member and also a life member of Portland Lodge.

Mr. Welch served his Lodge continuously from the time of its institution in 1892, when he became its first Esquire, with the exception of one year when he was in New York City. This was the year that he was in position for the office of Exalted Ruler. He did, however, serve in that office during the long illness of one of the E.R.'s of the Lodge.

He was presented by the Lodge with a gold Chaplain's badge in 1923 in recognition of the completion of 25 years of service in that office. Mr. Welch was honored last year with a testimonial dinner given in the Lodge Home by 100 Elks, including the ranking officials of the State Association.

Elk services were held in the Lodge room on Tuesday evening, September 17th. The funeral was held Wednesday morning and was attended by hundreds of Elks and friends of the deceased. An honor guard of Portland members stood by the casket while it remained in the Lodge Home.

*C. Dwight Stevens,
P. State Pres.*

Quincy, Mass., Elks Hold Another Clambake

Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, recently held its second clambake and barbecue of the season at Huvila Park. Nearly 300 Elks and their friends were in attendance. P.E.R. William C. Canniff, Jr., Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, was the chef in charge. The excellent barbecue equipment built by the Elks Committee earlier in the summer was utilized again from noon until dark, supplying chickens and other delicacies as well as the bake with its clams and lobsters.

Meanwhile the Quincy Lodge Beano Game continues in the ball room of the Lodge Home. It is made more enjoyable by the collation arranged each night by Tom Doyle. The refreshment period occurs at 10 o'clock when play is suspended about twenty minutes.



A Good Will Tour car at the Home of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, with members grouped about it

News of the State Associations



At top: The Band of Sunbury, Penna., Lodge marching in the parade of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association Convention

Directly above: Members and delegates who attended the Convention. Past State President Scott E. Drum is in first row center

Left in circle: Is one of the handsome floats which did so much to embellish the parade of the State Convention held in Hazleton, Penna.



Pennsylvania

WITH a fine reputation of 21 years standing since it last staged the Pennsylvania State Elks Association Convention in 1914, Hazleton, Pa., Lodge, No. 200, again proved to be one of the most hospitable of hosts when it entertained the officers, delegates and visitors assembled at Hazleton to participate in the 1935 Convention Aug. 26-30. The opening ceremonies were held in front of the Lodge Home. Hazleton Lodge was represented by John H. Bigelow, who delivered the address of welcome to which State Pres. Scott E. Drum responded. Mayor Beisel extended the courtesies of the city.

The Convention was honored with the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow; Charles S. Hart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; William T. Phillips, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and an Honorary Member of the Pa. State Elks Assn.; George W. Denton, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; Nicholas Albano, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., and many other distinguished Elks. Splendid speeches were delivered by Judge Hallinan and others among the visitors who are promi-

nent in the affairs of the Order. The well balanced program blended business and entertainment with successful results. A Mardi Gras occupied the entire top floor of a double building adjoining the Lodge Home, featuring a stage show brought from New York City. An interesting coal exhibit, arranged by Pres. Drum, presented the story of anthracite in a most vivid and instructive fashion and was one of the most popular attractions. The parade, on the closing day, with 3,000 Elks in line, was witnessed by 45,000 persons.

The awarding of Elks' scholarships was made to seven worthy students who would have been unable to carry on their col-

lege pursuits but for the benevolence of the Elks. The checks, each representing one of the seven districts embraced in the membership of the Association, were presented by Mr. Grakelow.

Williamsport Lodge, No. 173, was chosen as the host Lodge for the 1936 Reunion of the Association. The officers elected to serve during 1935-36 are as follows: Pres., Frank J. Lyons, Warren; Vice-Pres., W. D. Hancher, Washington; Secy., W. S. Gould, Scranton; Treas., Grover C. Shoemaker, Bloomsburg, and Trustee, James G. Bohlender, Franklin. *Scott E. Drum, P. State Pres.*

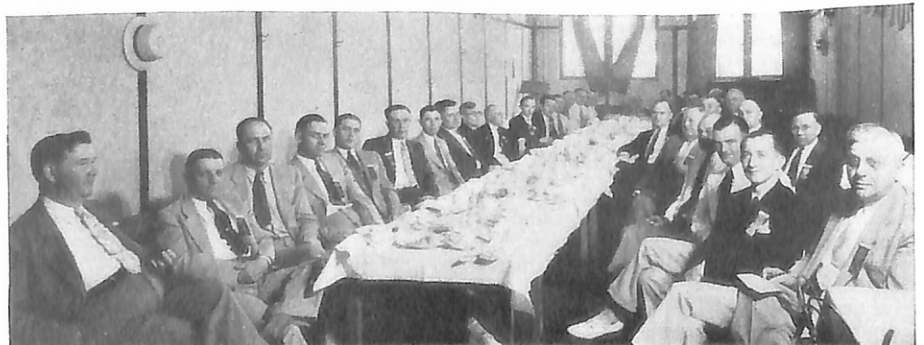
Maine

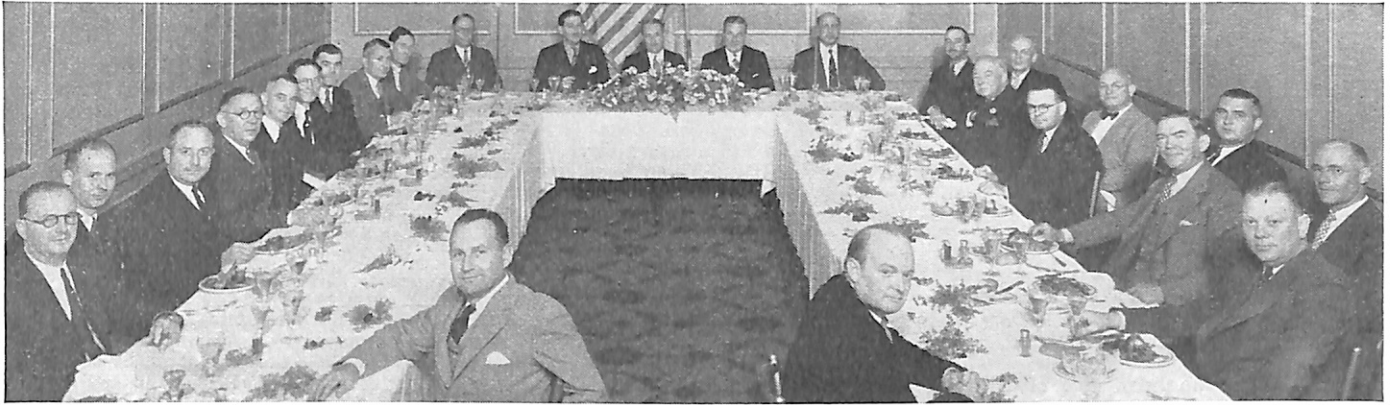
The Annual Convention of the Maine State Elks Association opened on Saturday, September 21, with a buffet lunch. *(Continued on page 34)*



Left: Miss Myrtle Strachota, selected as Miss Wisconsin by the Wisconsin State Elks Association, is shown receiving a bouquet of flowers from Mrs. Ada May Slocum, president of the Wisconsin State Society of San Diego, Calif., at the Wisconsin Day program in the House of Hospitality at the International Exposition in San Diego

Below: Exalted Rulers and Secretaries Breakfast which was held during the Colorado State Elks Association Convention at Loveland. Among the many distinguished guests in attendance was Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen





Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and prominent Elks of California at the luncheon meeting held in honor of Judge Hallinan by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

Aberdeen, S. Dak., Lodge, No. 1046, had the honor of entertaining Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan on Labor Day. He was met on his arrival by a delegation of officers and P.E.R.'s. At six o'clock a banquet was held in his honor at the Lodge Home, covers being laid for approximately 250 Elks. A number of vaudeville acts from Minneapolis were presented after the banquet and a program of speaking followed.

E.R. M. C. Mulcahey called upon P.E.R. C. G. Aaberg of Brookings Lodge, Pres. of the S. Dak. State Elks Assn.; State Secy. Carl H. Nelles of Madison Lodge, and D.D. Milton E. Dowdell of Mitchell Lodge, all of whom spoke briefly. Many prominent South Dakota Elks attended, among them being E.R. Roy Rose and Secy. Charles D. Ray of Watertown Lodge, E.R. Chester L. Morgan of Mitchell Lodge, and E.R. Fred Habeger of Madison Lodge. Judge Hallinan was introduced by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Ford Zietlow, a P.E.R. of Aberdeen Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's speech was the highlight of the evening. He spoke with approval of the numerous activities

nan the next day at the Alonzo Ward Hotel. All of the officers of Aberdeen Lodge and about 20 P.E.R.'s were in attendance. An automobile trip followed the luncheon and it was evident that the Grand Exalted Ruler particularly enjoyed an auction sale of over 800 wild

and unbroken horses from the west-river country, held in the local stockyards. At four o'clock he left for the West with his first stop at Portland.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the station upon his arrival in Portland by a Reception Committee headed by Frank J. Lonergan, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, and Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Charles C. Bradley, both of Portland Lodge, No. 142. He was escorted to his suite in the Benson Hotel where the party was joined at breakfast by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, and John E. Drummey, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, who had come from Seattle to be present at the meeting.

At 12:30 Judge Hallinan met with the District Deputies of Oregon and Washington at a luncheon meeting held in the Tyrolean room of the Hotel. Attending the meeting were Jesse V. Andrews, La Grande, D.D. for Ore. North; James T. Chinnock, Grants Pass, D.D. for Ore. South; Frank L. Cooper, Everett, D.D. for Wash. N.W.; M. B. Lytle, Aberdeen, D.D. for Wash. S.W.; Glenn G. Becker, Wenatchee, D.D. for Wash. East; A. W. Jones, Salem, Pres. of the Ore. State Elks Assn.; and E.R. Warren A. Erwin, Secy. Baldus Gildner and P.E.R. J. B. Ofner of Portland Lodge. Mr. Meier, Mr. Lonergan, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Drummey were also present.

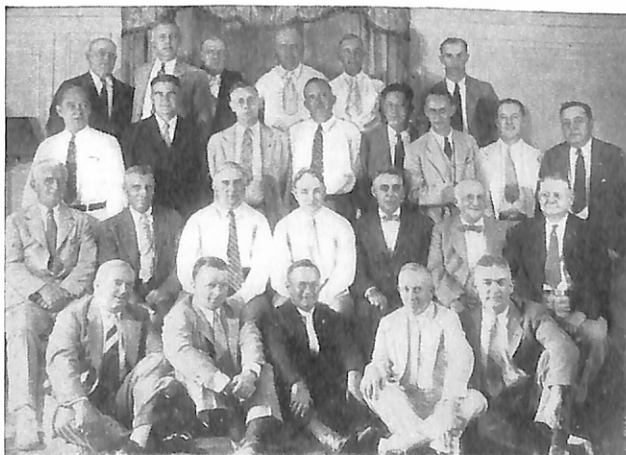
The Grand Exalted Ruler outlined the policies that he wishes to be carried out during his term and called particular attention to the Joseph T. Fanning Class to be initiated on November 14, and the Grand Exalted Ruler's Class in February. After the conference both Judge Hallinan and Mr. Meier were escorted to Station KEX where they went on the air in a 15-minute broadcast.

At the evening meeting, held in the Home of Portland Lodge at 8 P.M., every Lodge in the State was represented, and delegations were present from many nearby Washington Lodges. Judge Hallinan was given a rousing reception and his message of encouragement and optimism for the future of the Order was

(Continued on page 39)



Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan snapped as he left the train on one of his visits



Above left: Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan surrounded by a group of prominent Massachusetts Elks when he visited Boston, Mass., Lodge to confer with his District Deputies

of Aberdeen Lodge, and gave an inspiring message to all the members of the Order who had assembled to meet him and pay him personal as well as fraternal greeting.

A luncheon was held for Judge Halli-

The Ballad of Bill Bozeman

(Continued from page 10)

Bill Bozeman promptly climbed through the ropes,
And waited off at one side,
While Clarence delayed as long as he could,
As he took off his leopard hide.

But at last poor Clarence was ready,
And Bella rang a big bell;
The fight was on, and Bill started out
To give his opponent hell.

Now, Bill had no knowledge of wrestling tricks
Like the toe-hold and flying-mare;
But Clarence was ignorant, just like Bill,
So the two were equal there.

Bill was the biggest—at three hundred pounds—
But Bill was slow and fat,
While Clarence, at two hundred pounds, had the speed
Of a well-trained acrobat.

So Clarence might have won the bout
If he'd only done his best—
If he hadn't been so scared of that beard
And that horrible, hairy chest.

But, as soon as Bill started to mix things up,
Poor Clarence just turned about,
And started to beat a strategic retreat,
Which soon turned into a rout.

Bill followed with threatening outstretched hands,
And eager gleaming eyes,
For his normally gentle mind was set
On that twenty-five dollar prize.

For a while the acrobat kept ahead,
But Bill was watching his chance,
And at last he managed to get a grip
On the seat of Clarence's pants.

Now, experts will tell you this hold is no good;
It is unknown in wrestling lore;
But Bill gave a twist with his powerful wrist,
And Clarence went smack on the floor.

Then Bill lost his balance, and tripped himself,
And tottered, and fell kerflop,
And they ended with Clarence flat on his back
And good old Bill on top.

So Bill had won, but as Bella stepped up
To hold aloft his paw,
There suddenly entered the door of that tent
An officer of the law—

A deputy sheriff who wore on his chest
A beautiful silver star.
He mounted the platform and made a short speech
Through the smoke of his big cigar:—

"Everybody outside!" he shouted. "We're closing up the show. Come on, get going!"
"The management owes me twenty-five

dollars," said Bill a little sadly.

"Well, that's just too bad," the deputy said. "The management owes bills all over this part of the State. And I'm slamming an attachment on the whole outfit."

"Where is the proprietor?" Bill asked.

"I WISH I knew," said the deputy. "He seems to have lit out and with all the cash. Maybe he saw me coming."

"But I want my twenty-five dollars," Bill persisted.

"I want that forty-two dollars in back salary he owes me," said Clarence.

"And I want the fifty-six dollars that he owes me," said Bella.



"The boys at the club call me a mental giant"

"You'll have to wait a couple of months," said the deputy, "and take your chances with the rest of the creditors when the outfit is auctioned off. You might get a few cents on the dollar."

Then the deputy turned once more to the crowd,
And ordered them all to go,
While Bella, with blood in her eye, began
A search for the boss of that show.

But the search was in vain, and she found it was true
That the boss had gone over the hill;
So at last she gave up and came back to the tent
To confer with Clarence and Bill.

"I'm sorry, Bill," she said. "But that deputy was right. The carnival is busted. And that lousy manager—the little pup in the checked suit that you saw taking in the money—has cleared out with the funds. So we're all broke."

"Just think," said Bill, sadly, "I've licked the champion of Turkey, and what have

I got to show for it? Not a thing."

"You're wrong there," said Bella, "on both counts. In the first place, this bird here is no more the champion of Turkey than I am. He's nothing but a ham acrobat, and his name is Clarence. And, in the second place, this bout has done you a lot of good, because it has given me a chance to look you over. And I think I can make something out of you, my boy."

"How?" asked Bill.

"It's like this," Bella explained. "You're one of the most astonishing freaks I ever saw. You're God's gift to the show business. With that build you've got—those tremendous muscles, and that hairy chest—and especially with that beard, you can just naturally pack them into any kind of a show anywhere. All we need to do is build you up and give a start. And I am the lady that can do it. So we might as well get down to business. Would you like a good job?"

"That's what I've been looking for all summer," said Bill—"a good, steady job."

"Have you got any money?"

"No," said Bill.

"Neither have I," said Bella. "How about you, Clarence?"

"Not a cent."

"All right, then. We'll have to do something as soon as we can. Now, listen to me, Clarence. I think you told me that there is someplace downtown called the Coliseum, where they put on a wrestling show every Thursday night. Is that right?"

"Yes," said Clarence. "I saw the posters."

"Very good. This is Thursday afternoon. We'll go right down there and get Bill a job as a wrestler. What do you say, Bill?"

"You really think I could get a good steady job as a wrestler? I don't know very much about it, you know. I know next to nothing."

"You don't have to know how to wrestle. It ought to be worth the price of admission to any audience just to get a good look at you."

"It's all right with me," Bill said. "But where do you and Clarence come in?"

"I'll be your manager," said Bella, "and you can give me a cut in the proceeds. And we'll take along Clarence to wrestle against you. As long as you're not used to the game it'll be a good thing to start off with an easy opponent. Clarence will be a push-over."

"I won't do it," Clarence said hastily. "It's too dangerous. I got a wife back home I got to think about. And I'm too good an acrobat to risk getting myself crippled up in any such brutal sport as wrestling."

"Suit yourself," Bella said. "We'll leave you here and you can see how you like starving to death."

"Wait a minute," Clarence said. "If this guy will promise not to get rough with

me—"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of hurting you," Bill said.

"Well," said Clarence doubtfully, "I guess I'll come along. But what'll we do for car fare?"

"We walk," said Bella.

"All the way downtown? It must be five miles."

"All right, the exercise will do you good."

So, as soon as the men had changed their clothes,

The three of them started out,
With Bill and Bella full of hope,
And Clarence full of doubt.

The trip to town took a long, long time—

A couple of hours or more—
But they reached the Coliseum at last
And stumbled in the door.

They found the wrestling promoter

In a room at the rear of the place;

He sat behind an office desk

With a big cigar in his face.

On the back of his head was a derby hat;

His name was Barney O'Flynn;

And he looked like an honest, friendly guy
So Bella started in:—

"I have here," she said, "two of the most colorful and sensational wrestlers in the entire United States. I am their manager. This is Mr. Ali Boubou, the Terrible Turk, one of the shiftiest, fastest and most skillful wrestlers that you ever saw. He has built up a national reputation for speed and cunning."

"Never heard of him," said Barney.

"AND this," Bella continued, "is Mr. Bill Bozeman, the Bearded Behemoth. He is generally conceded to be one of the most vicious, bone-crushing grapplers that ever entered the ring."

"Never heard of him either," said Barney.

"What! You never heard of Bill Bozeman?"

"No."

"And you never heard of Ali Boubou, the Terrible Turk?"

"There's been at least a hundred Terrible Turks in the wrestling business, but this particular Terrible Turk is a new one on me."

"Of course," Bella admitted, "these boys have never worked in the Middle West before. But if you had ever been connected with wrestling in New York—"

"I worked for three years at Madison Square Garden."

"Ever been in the South?" Bella asked.

"Yes."

"Ever been in California?"

"No."

"Ah! That explains it. These boys made their reputations on the Coast. But they got so good that nobody out there would take them on any more. All the other boys were scared of them. So they started East—and here they are in Hennepin Falls—and they like the town—so they would just as soon stay here a while."

"Well, I'm not preventing them."

"But you don't seem to realize what an opportunity is knocking at your door, Mr. O'Flynn. These boys are heading for the big cities in the East. But on the way they want to try out a lot of new stuff they've been working on. They want to do this in some small town. So you can snap them up for practically nothing."

"Oh, they want to wrestle for nothing?"

"Practically. You can sign them both on a six months contract for a mere hundred dollars a week apiece. Only two hundred for the two of them."

"All that money for a couple of birds I never heard of?"

"Let me put it another way, Mr. O'Flynn," Bella said. "Suppose we forget all about the reputations these boys have built up. Suppose we base the whole proposition on nothing but what I can show you right here and now in this room. Suppose we forget all about the Terrible Turk, and just take a good long look at Bill Bozeman."

"I'm looking at him," Barney said.

"All right, then. Look at the build on him. Look at that mug. Look at that beard. And then tell me, honestly and truly, if you think there is a single wrestling fan in all of Hennepin Falls who would not willingly pay at least one dollar merely to see this outlandish monstrosity climb into a wrestling ring."

"WELL," Barney admitted, "there might be something in what you say. I tell you what I'll do. I could use one more bout tonight. I'll put on both these bimbos in the first preliminary. That will be in just half an hour, at eight o'clock. The match will be for fifteen minutes. I'll pay each of them five dollars—win, lose or draw."

"Only five dollars apiece!" Bella gasped.

"You must be crazy."

"Take it or leave it."

"Make it ten."

"All right, ten it is."

"Of course you understand," Bella said, "that I'm letting these boys wrestle at this ridiculous figure only because I want to show you how good they are. After you have really seen them do their stuff we can talk business on a reasonable basis."

"Maybe so," said Barney. "And now you'd better lead your animal team to the dressing rooms in the basement. Get hold of Mike, the trainer, and tell him I said he was to take care of them."

"Before we go," said Bella, "you might fix me up a pass for a good ringside seat. As manager of these boys, I've got to be on hand to see how they get along."

"All right," said Barney.

He gave her a pass on which he had placed His name in a hurried scrawl;

And Bella and Clarence and Bill turned round

And went out into the hall.

Now Bill was delighted at Bella's success

In pushing this little deal through;

When he thought of the ten dollar bill he would get

It seemed too good to be true.

But Clarence was sore because Bella had failed

To get any cash in advance;

He wanted some supper before the big bout,
And now there was no chance.

Bella, however, was chiefly concerned

With the problem of working out

A plan of action for Clarence and Bill

In their coming wrestling bout.

"I'm going to give you boys a little advice," she said. "You want to remember that wrestling is just like the carnival business—the important thing is to put on a good show. If you can get the newspaper boys writing about you, and the cash customers talking about you, Barney O'Flynn will give you a return match, and more money, and maybe even a steady job."

"That's what I want," said Bill, "a good, steady job."

"All right, then. Listen to me. Your main points, Bill, are size and ugliness. You want to play them up."

"How?" Bill asked.

"You got to act like a hairy ape—like the Wild Man of Borneo. Let's see you scowl at me. That's good. Now show your teeth and sort of snarl. All right, now stick out your chest and thump on it with your

hands. Rumble up your hair. Pull your beard. That's the stuff."

"You think that'll do?" Bill asked.

"Yes, but we want even more than that. Do you think you could growl—or roar like a lion?"

"Sure," said Bill.

"Fine. When you go after Clarence, it might be a good thing to jump up in the air a few times, let out a big roar, and then make a grab for him. Try that, Bill."

Bill gnashed his teeth, and glared about,

With a horrible fiendish look;

He leaped in the air, and when he came down

The entire building shook.

Then, roaring and raging, he made a rush,

Like a tiger attacking its prey,

And landed on Clarence, who promptly set up

A shriek of surprise and dismay.

And the door to the office of Barney O'Flynn

Was suddenly opened wide;

And Barney, surprised and disgusted as well,
Came out of the door and cried:

"Hey! What's going on here?"

"You see," Bella explained, "the boys are so anxious to start wrestling that they can't wait. They were just practicing a little."

"They can practice downstairs," said Barney.

And Barney went back to his office

And angrily closed the door,

And the rest of them started down the stairs

That led to the lower floor.

And Clarence, the timid acrobat,

Had a number of things to say;

He began to complain about this and that
In a whining, snivelling way:

"Listen, Bill," he said. "You've got to cut out the rough stuff—jumping on top of me like that."

"When you get in the ring," Bella said, "there has to be a little rough stuff. The customers expect it."

"All right, then," Clarence announced, "I quit right now."

"COME on, Clarence. Be reasonable," pleaded Bella. "Bill doesn't mind if you get rough with him. Why should you mind if Bill gets rough with you?"

"With Bill it's different," said Clarence. "If he gets all bruised up, it isn't going to mar his beauty, because he hasn't any beauty to start with. But I have. I'm a high-grade acrobat. I am endowed with one of the most beautifully formed bodies that has ever appeared before the American public. And I've got to protect it. Probably you don't know it, but I was once measured by a professor at Columbia University, and he said that my measurements and proportions were as perfect as a Greek god."

"Bill isn't going to do anything to you that will change your measurements, Clarence. Your proportions will be perfectly safe."

"Yes, but he might do something that would mar my perfect symmetry, and interfere with some of my best acts—like living statues, for instance."

"What are living statues?" Bill asked.

Bella explained: "A bunch of yaps paint their faces white, and climb into white union suits, and then pose like statues. It's supposed to be artistic."

"It is artistic," Clarence said. "When I was in that living statue act with Barnum and Bailey's circus, all the art critics said that my rendering of the Apollo Belvedere was better than the original. It was a cultural treat. And you should have seen my

interpretation in the Laocoon group."

"The what?" Bill asked.

"It's a group of statuary," Clarence explained. "Three men and two snakes. I'll show you how I used to look as the central figure."

From the wall he took down a number of yards

Of emergency fire hose,
And he held it aloft and arranged himself
In an elegant, classic pose.

And Bill and Bella sized him up,
And inspected him front and rear,
And there came upon the face of each
A disgusted, contemptuous sneer.

"And now," said Clarence, "you see why I can't afford to have Bill grab me in a rough manner the way he did a few minutes ago. He might rub his arm across one of my ears and rumple it up."

"And suppose he did?" Bella asked.

"He might give me one of these cauliflower ears. And how would I look posing as Laocoon or Apollo with a cauliflower ear? I tell you, I've got to consider my career as a living statue."

"If you duck this wrestling match," Bella said, "you're going to start in on a career as a living skeleton."

"We do have to eat, don't we?" said Clarence. "Well—maybe, but Bill will have to be very careful—"

"All right," said Bella. "Then that's settled. And now, Clarence, I want you to handle yourself so you'll make a nice interesting dramatic contrast to Bill. Bill is supposed to be slow and powerful and dumb, so you've got to be quick and skillful and cunning. Bill represents brute force—"

"And I represent intelligence?" Clarence asked.

"Well, I can't expect too much of you," Bella said, "but that's the general idea. You're probably going to spend most of your time running away from Bill, so you might just as well do it in a spectacular way. Can't you turn somersaults or hand-springs while you're getting out of his way?"

"Sure—only Bill mustn't grab me while I'm off my guard."

"Of course not," Bill agreed.

"And here's another thing," Bella went on. "You're a pretty good slackwire artist, Clarence. When you're getting away from Bill, couldn't you climb up on those ropes at the sides of the ring? Couldn't you maybe run around the top rope, and then jump off onto Bill's back?"

"I might try it," Clarence said, doubtfully. "I'd have to be pretty careful, though. I wouldn't want to fall off and get hurt."

"All right, all right," Bella said impatiently. "And here's one more point. I don't want either of you to win. I want the bout to be a draw. Then we'll have a better chance to get a return match. Now go in and get ready. I'll be in the audience rooting for both of you."

The two men knocked on the dressing room door,

And the trainer let them in,
And as soon as they had changed their clothes,
It was time for the show to begin.

The trainer led them up the stairs,
And then he had them crawl
Through the ropes that surrounded the wrestling stage
In the center of the hall.

A powerful group of overhead lamps
Beat down with a dazzling light;
The surrounding darkness was filled with the crowd
That had come to see the fight.

And the crowd, when Bill and Clarence appeared,

Gave a somewhat feeble shout;
They did not expect very much from this first
Preliminary bout.

The announcer arrived and held up his hand
Till all the house was still,
And then, in a loud and booming voice,
He presented Clarence and Bill:

"First match!" he announced. "One fall. Fifteen-minute time limit. In this corner, at two hundred and one pounds, Ali Boubou, the Terrible Turk. In this corner, at three hundred four and one-half pounds, Bill Bozeman, the Bearded Behemoth."

The announcer bowed and then withdrew;
The referee came along;
And the timekeeper, seated beside the ring,
Sounded a great big gong.

Then Bill caught sight of Bella Jones,
As she sat in the midst of the crowd;
And Bill resolved that he must act
In a way that would make her proud.

He knew that Bella was counting on him
To do his very best;
So he gnashed his teeth, and rolled his eyes,
And beat on his hairy chest.

He snarled and growled, and rumbled his hair,
And gave his beard a pull;
Then he charged at Clarence across the ring
Like a wild and angry bull.

But Clarence, the clever acrobat,
Gave a skilful little twist,
And stepped aside like a Toreador,
So Bill completely missed.

And slammed himself against the ropes;
But promptly bounded back,
And turned, with a hideous howl of hate,
And started another attack.

The audience cheered, and began to sit up;
And some of them even stood;
It began to look as if this match
Might turn out pretty good.

For Bill got wilder and wilder—
He snorted and howled with rage,
While Clarence improved his clever technique
Of dodging about the stage.

And once, when trapped in a corner,
He neatly escaped from harm
By doing a circus handspring
Across Bill's outstretched arm,

And the customers clapped, and stamped their feet,
And let out a mighty roar,
For a trick like this had never been seen
In that wrestling ring before.

At last Bill managed to grab his foe
In a clumsy sort of hug;
And down they sat on the canvas mat
And began to heave and tug.

Then over the face of Clarence there came
An expression of doubt and fear,
And he started to whisper excitedly
In Bill's enormous ear:

"You'd better watch out what you're doing," he said. "If you're not careful you might bruise me."

"Don't worry," Bill whispered. "I'm not going to hurt you. But I want you to listen to me—I've got an idea. I think you could do one of those hand-springs right at me, and hit me in the chest with

your feet as you come over. It ought to look swell. I'll get into a corner and wait for you."

Then Bill let go and pulled himself up,
And slowly lumbered back
To his corner, and waited for Clarence to start
His new and fancy attack.

And Clarence produced a handspring,
As nice as you ever saw,
But he missed Bill's chest with his flying feet
And landed smack on his jaw.

Bill tottered around, and finally fell
With a sickening thud on the floor;
But he wasn't knocked out, and almost at once,
He rose to his feet with a roar.

And he chased poor Clarence around and around,
While the audience howled with delight;
For never before in Hennepin Falls
Had they seen such an elegant fight.

And Clarence, the acrobat, started to smile
With a rather self-satisfied smirk;
He was sure that the cheers were all for himself
And his wonderfully clever work.

He thought he would try a more intricate trick,
In hopes of a louder cheer;
So, as soon as Bill got near enough
He whispered in his ear:

"You chase me into this corner, and pretend to grab me. But don't really take hold. I'm going to show you something good."

"What is it?" Bill asked, suspiciously. "Another kick in the face?"
"Oh, no. This is one of the tricks that Bella suggested. It's going to be swell."

"All right," said Bill.

So Clarence backed up in a corner,
And Bill came closing in;
But just as Bill started to grab him
He made a sudden spin.

And then, with a graceful flying leap,
Like a bird that is taking wing,
He landed with both of his feet on top
Of the rope that encircled the ring.

And, balancing beautifully all the while,
He ran the length of that rope,
And rounded the corner, and kept right along
At an easy, graceful lope.

While out in the midst of the wrestling ring
Bill stood like a man in a trance,
And the audience clapped and cheered with joy
At Clarence's slack-rope dance.

And Clarence kept running along the rope
Till he got in the rear of old Bill,
And then he decided he might just as well
Produce another big thrill.

So he poised himself on that springy rope,
Like a bird on a telephone wire,
And started bounding up and down—
Each time going higher and higher.

Till at last he cut loose, and sailed through the air,
In a wonderful flying leap,
And hit Bill's back with a terrible smack
And they both went down in a heap.

Then Clarence began to pull Bill's beard,
And he treated that beard so rough
That poor old Bill decided at last
He had had almost enough.

So he jerked himself loose, and he gave a heave,

And he grunted and twisted and rolled,
And he finally got his opponent fast
In a powerful body hold.

And at once that acrobat filled the air
With a pitiful cry of pain,
And then in a lower tone of voice
He started once more to complain:

"Hey! Let go! You're squeezing me!"
"What if I am?" Bill snarled.
"You stop this rough stuff or I'll quit."
"If you do we won't get paid. And I want my ten dollars."

"Look out!" said Clarence. "Your arm is pressing right against my ear. I tell you, I'm going to quit."

"You're not," said Bill grimly. "You're going to stay right here in this ring until our fifteen minutes is up."

But Bill was wrong, for Clarence pulled back,

With every muscle tense,
And broke away, and slid through the ropes,
And lit in the audience.

Now a wrestler who leaves the ring may stay out

For twenty seconds—that's all;
If he stays any longer he loses the bout
By a so-called technical fall.

So the referee began to count,
In accents measured and slow,
While Bill leaned out across the ropes
And yelled to Clarence below:

"Come back here, you big bum!"
"I won't!"
"All right, I'll bring you back."

Bill dove through the ropes, and let out a yell

That sounded completely insane,
While Clarence turned round and zoomed up the aisle
Like a transcontinental plane.

He shot through the door at the end of the aisle

And crossed the lobby like mad,
While Bill came pounding along in the rear
With all the speed he had.

And Clarence kept on till he got outdoors,
And he started to sprint up the street,
And it looked as if he would get away—
For Clarence was very fleet.

And while he was running he looked around,
To see if Bill was near,
And he tripped across a fire-plug,
And lit upon his ear.

Before he had time to get up again
He felt himself grabbed from the rear;
And he heard Bill Bozeman's heavy voice
Sounding in his ear:

"All right, Clarence. You're coming back with me."

"I am not."

"But we've got to finish our bout, so we can get our pay."

"I tell you I'm not coming back."

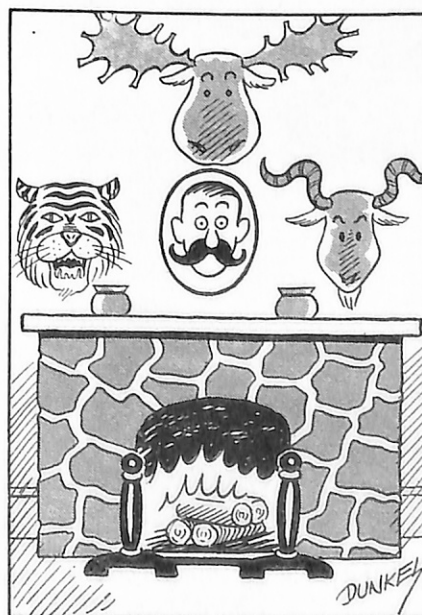
"We'll see about that."

Then Bill took hold of Clarence's arm,
And tried to drag him away,
But suddenly Clarence began to fight
Like an animal at bay.

He landed a quick and powerful kick

On Bill's defenseless shin,
And Bill came back with a stinging smack
On the side of Clarence's chin.

Then they grappled and fell, and rolled around,



And scratched and bit and mauled,
While a crowd assembled that blocked the street,
And all the traffic was stalled.

And, at last, with a screaming siren,
And a clanging, banging bell
A police patrol came up the street
Like a bat let loose from hell.

It stopped at the edge of the traffic jam,
And the cops came piling out;
They swung their clubs, and lowered their heads,
And charged the crowd with a shout.

They jumped on Clarence and poor old Bill,
And grabbed them by the feet,
And jerked them apart, and yanked them around,
And dragged them down the street.

And threw them into the wagon,
And turned the wagon around,
And drove them off to the station-house
On the other side of the town.

And here they lent them some clothes to wear,

And led them through a door,
And up some stairs to a night court judge
In a room on the second floor.

Now Bill was so bruised he was all confused,

And only dimly aware
Of how he had happened to get mixed up
In this strange and puzzling affair.

He seemed to hear a lot of talk
Of assault, and disturbing the peace,
Inciting a riot, and, worst of all,
Resisting the police.

But when he was questioned, poor Bill could think

Of nothing at all to say,
So the judge looked down at Bill with a frown
And announced in a hardboiled way:

"As long as you have no defense to offer,
and as long as the evidence shows you were
the aggressor, I will sentence you to ten
days in the county jail. The other defendant
is discharged. Next case."

So Bill was locked up with nothing to eat—

For supper-time was past—
And, hungry and weary, disgusted and sad,
He went to sleep at last.

In the morning they brought him a bit of food—

Which he ate like a hungry bear—
And then to his great surprise he received
A call from a lady fair.

It was Bella Jones, the carnival queen,

The only friend he had,
But Bill could hardly look at her—
He felt so ashamed and sad.

He started in to apologize

For getting himself in that cell;
But Bella wouldn't listen at all;
She had some news to tell:

"I've been working on that promoter,
Barney O'Flynn," she announced, "and he's
put his lawyer on your case. But the lawyer
says he can't do a thing. They have
the goods on you, so an appeal wouldn't
help. Apparently you'll just have to serve
out your ten days. But it's a dirty shame
—especially when they turned loose that
lousy acrobat."

"Don't worry about me, Bella," said Bill.
"I only got what I deserved. But it's just
too bad that everything went wrong. It
isn't fair to you—after all the work you

did. Maybe, though, you can get something out of it."

"How do you mean?" Bella asked.

"Maybe you could persuade that promoter to pay Clarence and me five dollars apiece. After all, we did put on about half a bout, so he might give us half the pay that he agreed to. And I would be glad to give you my five dollars if it would help you out any."

"Listen, Bill," said Bella. "You don't want to go talking about any half-pay business. You boys put on a match that was a wow. It isn't often that the first preliminary steals the show from all the other bouts—and that's what you did. And that street fight was positively immense. You picked out the busiest corner in the whole town, and you certainly got the publicity."

She spread the morning paper out

Before Bill's wondering eyes,
And he read, in front-page headlines
Of a truly enormous size:

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"Isn't it terrible!" Bill gasped.

"Terrible nothing," said Bella. "This is the first time in the history of Hennepin Falls that wrestling has made the front page. Yesterday, you were absolutely unknown. This morning, you're famous! You're the most talked about wrestler in the entire Middle West. The fans will be crazy to see a return match between you and Clarence, as soon as you get out of jail. So, when I saw Barney O'Flynn this

morning I was in a position to make him accept our terms, and sign up you and Clarence for six months. He beat me down on Clarence's contract to a measly fifty a week, and Clarence has accepted it. But Barney knows that you are the main drawing card, with your beard and everything. So he's going to pay you a hundred a week. And, by the way, here's the ten dollars for last night. We'll arrange about my commission later."

"Bella," said Bill, "it was a lucky day for me when I met you. When you found me, I was practically in the gutter. And look where I am now!"

And a smile came over his honest face,
And his chest began to swell,
As he turned about, and proudly looked
out
Through the iron bars of his cell.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 28)

eon, cards, entertainment and a dance in the Home of Rockland, Me., Lodge, No. 1008. Pres. Albert C. Jones was General Chairman of the host committee, and Mrs. Jones headed the committee entertaining the visiting ladies.

The business session took place on Sunday. Paul R. Fitzpatrick of Millinocket Lodge was unanimously elected President for the ensuing year. Other officers chosen are: First Vice-Pres., Clarence H. Thyng, Sanford; Second Vice-Pres., Arthur C. Labbe (re-elected), Augusta; Third Vice-Pres., Arthur J. Lesieur, Biddeford-Saco. Edward R. Twomey, Portland, was re-elected to the office of Secy.-Treas., which he has held since the Association was organized. Lester C. Ayer, Portland, was re-elected Trustee for a 3-year term, and Past Pres. Fred L. Sylvester, Lewiston, was appointed Chaplain to fill the office left vacant by the death of John P. Welch, who was the Association's first Chaplain, and had served in that capacity continuously until he died.

Assurance that crippled children work in Maine would receive its start through the incorporation of the Crippled Children's Fund of the Association within a few days, was reported as one of the final features of the business session. Pres. Fitzpatrick heads the committee which was re-appointed to complete its present work and outline plans for the establishment of the Fund. Through co-operation of the Elks National Foundation, the Association plans to carry on the work with the interest from its fund until the fund reaches a size that will enable the Association to establish a hospital for crippled children in the State.

Resolutions on the death of Chaplain John P. Welch and of Judge Herbert J. Welch, both members of Portland Lodge, were passed. The eulogy on the late Chaplain was given by Past State Pres. C. Dwight Stevens, assisted by Mr. Ayer, both of whom are P.E.R.'s of Portland Lodge.

Ritualistic contests will be resumed this year. Lewiston Lodge, champion Lodge of the State, will offer a cup to the winner of the Annual Contest. The youngest Lodge in Maine—Biddeford-Saco—was made a member of the Association. Gardiner and Waterville Lodges presented bids for the 1936 Convention, and the selection will be made later by the State officers.

Mr. Thyng, newly appointed District Deputy for Maine, West, made a brief address, and talks were given by Past Pres.'s Stevens, Sylvester, Wilfred P. Perry of Augusta, and William P. Toulouse of Waterville. After the business session the annual dinner was served in the Home of Rockland Lodge, scene of all the Convention activities.

About 150 Elks and their ladies attended, remaining to enjoy the entertainment and singing that followed.

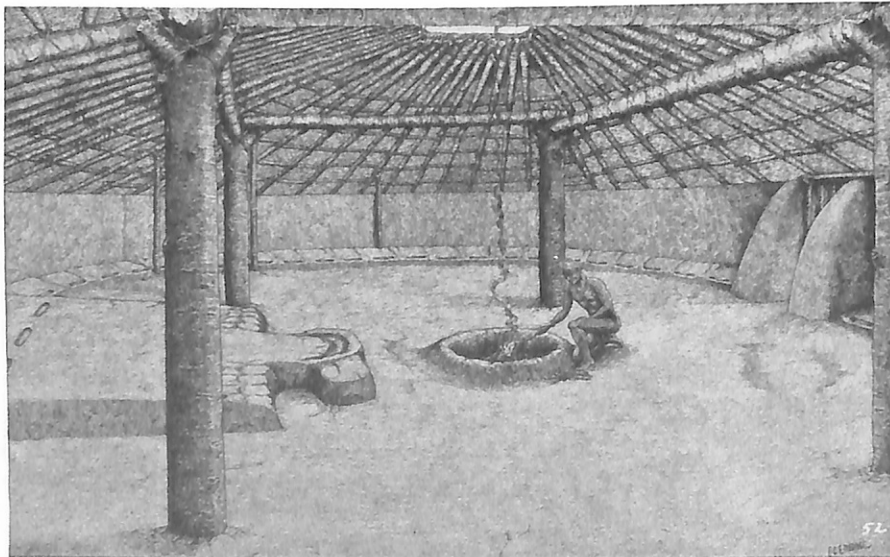
Edward R. Twomey, State Secy.

Wisconsin

Thirty-one of the 37 Lodges in the State were represented at the 33rd Annual Convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association held Aug. 8-9-10, with Fond du Lac Lodge, No. 57, acting as host. The meeting was one of the largest and most successful in the Association's history. Judge Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, was present and was the principal speaker at the annual banquet.

One of the features of the Convention was the dedication of a bronze memorial plaque in honor of members of the Assn. who served in the World War. Attorney John P. McCalloway delivered a fine patriotic address on that occasion. Memorial services were held on the last day, with special tribute being paid the late Theo. Benfey, veteran State Secretary.

Pres. Myron E. Schwartz, of Two Rivers, was re-elected Pres. of the Assn., and Eau Claire was chosen as the 1936 convention city. The other officers elected are: Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Julius P. Heil, Milwaukee; Dist. Vice-Pres.'s: Richard W. Mills, Fond du Lac, Judge Roy H. Proctor, Madison, and A. W. Holland, Superior; Treas., Lou Uecker, Antigo, and Secy., Fred A. Schroeder, Wausau. Following his re-election, Pres. Schwartz was (Continued on page 36)



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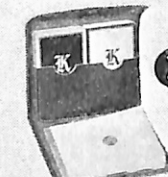
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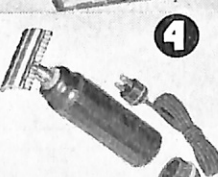
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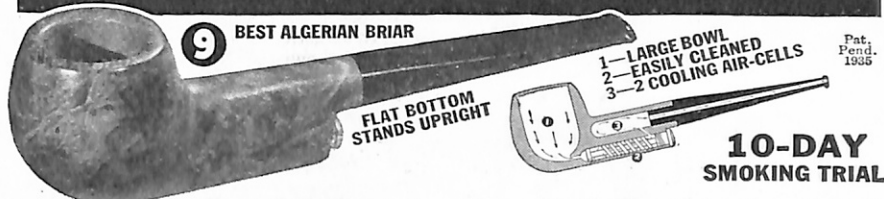
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(Continued from page 34)

presented with a diamond studded Elk pin by his home Lodge.

The report of Pres. Schwartz showed the membership in Wisconsin to be a total of approximately 10,500, and that splendid co-operation was given Past Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon during his administration last year in the fight waged by him against Communism. The report of the Chairman of the Crippled Children's Commission, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton of Sheboygan, showed the Lodges to have been unusually active in their aid in the restoration of health among crippled children. Establishment of scholarships for outstanding students in the State was approved by the Convention.

Sheboygan Lodge won the Ritualistic Contest, with Wausau Lodge second. Judge Clayton F. Van Pelt, Fond du Lac, member of the Grand Forum, acted as Toastmaster at the Past State Presidents' Dinner. Bands, marching clubs, drill teams and floats made the Grand Parade on the closing day one of the finest in the history of the Association's Conventions. A place of honor in the parade was given Miss Myrtle Strachota, of Campbellsport, who was selected as the Wisconsin Elks' queen, and was awarded a trip to the California Pacific Exposition at San Diego. A children's parade held that morning was a novel and entertaining fea-

ture and brought forth much applause. *Karl Kayser, Convention Reporter*
Lou Uecker, State Secy.

Montana

Nearly 500 Montana Elks gathered at Kalispell, Mont., on July 25-26-27 as guests of Kalispell Lodge, No. 725, for the Annual Convention of the Association. Special trains, airplanes, private cars and buses brought the delegations. Representatives from all but one of the Lodges in the State were present.

E. R. A. Thon of Kalispell Lodge opened the Convention on the afternoon of July 25. Mayor J. P. Bruckhauser welcomed the visiting Elks. State Pres. Lou F. Grill, of Miles City, was introduced by 1st Vice-Pres. Gus Ott of Butte. The presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, of Seattle, was an unexpected pleasure. Mr. Meier, en route from the National Convention at Columbus, accompanied members of Kalispell Lodge through Glacier National Park to be present at the opening session.

The convention parade took place at noon on Friday, July 26. It was pronounced to be the most colorful procession of the sort ever seen in the State. More than a mile of floats, bands, drum corps, marching organizations and other units filed through the business section of Kalispell, delighting several thousand spectators. Speed boat races and water sports were enjoyed at Flathead

Lake where the Montana Elks Camp is located. Dancing was the feature of the evening.

The presence of well trained musical organizations, consisting mainly of bands and drum corps, contributed in a large measure to the success of the Convention. Lewistown Lodge sent its crack band. Under the leadership of Jack Shelby, the band was presented in two concerts.

The proposal of Otto Powell, of Great Falls, D.D. at that time, that a second State Camp be established in eastern Montana in the Bear Tooth Mountains, met with favor among eastern delegates. Mr. Powell's further suggestion that a fund be created for crippled children and for Elk widows in straitened circumstances was also received with popular approval.

D. C. Warren of Glendive was the unanimous choice of the Convention for the office of President. The other State officers elected are: 1st Vice-Pres. Gus Ott, Butte; 2nd Vice-Pres., C. F. Coleman, Helena; 3rd Vice-Pres., Otto Powell, Great Falls; 4th Vice-Pres., Dr. R. A. Thon, Kalispell; Secy., Art Trenerry, Billings; Treas., S. Arthur Parry, Anaconda; Trustee, Art J. Baker, Lewistown. Helena was selected as the place of the meeting for the 1936 Convention of the Assn.

William G. Kelly, Correspondent,
Kalispell Lodge



The 1935 Good Will Fleet Ambassadors on their arrival at Tampa, Fla., where they were received by the members of Lodge No. 708

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 25)

News of Annapolis, Md., Lodge

The Children's Day Committee of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, held its annual children's day outing for the under privileged children of Annapolis and vicinity at one of the many popular beaches near Annapolis. P.E.R. William N. French is Chairman of the Children's Day Committee. The outing was a pronounced success and the youngsters expressed excited approval of the program arranged for them by Annapolis Lodge.

An all-day picnic was a feature of the summer activities of the Lodge at an Annapolis beach held under the auspices of the Charity Committee, of which Est. Lead. Knight Frank Hladky is Chairman. A considerable sum was realized.

At this year's annual meeting of the Md., Del. and D. C. State Elks Assn., held in Havre de Grace, Annapolis Lodge was chosen to act as host to the 1936 Convention. The Lodge was also honored by the Tri-State

Assn. in the selection of one of its P.E.R.'s, A. Guy Miller, as Pres., and another prominent member, R. Edward Dove, as Secy.
Malcolm De Conway, E.R.

St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge Holds Important Meeting

At what will probably be remembered as the most enthusiastic, interesting and well attended meeting St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge, No. 829, has enjoyed in many years, some 80 local and visiting Elks paid their respects to M. Frank O'Brien, D.D. for Fla. North, on the occasion of his official visit to St. Augustine Lodge, and witnessed the initiation of a number of candidates. Past State Pres. Harold Colee, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; Past State Pres. Caspian Hale, D.D. for Fla., East; R. L. Bohon, E.R., of Jacksonville Lodge, and J. E. B. Gaudet, E.R. of Daytona Beach Lodge, were among the prominent Elks present, and

representative delegates from many Lodges in the State attended. Mr. O'Brien addressed the meeting and several other leaders of the Order in Florida spoke.

Following the meeting, the gathering was directed to the downstairs parlors of the handsome Home of St. Augustine Lodge, where a clam chowder supper was served. A pleasant social session was enjoyed later.
Cecil Zinkan, E.R.

Peter G. A. Vig Class Initiated at Columbus, Ga., Lodge

The Degree Team of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, headed by P.E.R. John S. McClelland, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge, journeyed recently to the home of Columbus, Ga., Lodge, No. 111, and there conferred the degree of membership on the Peter G. A. Vig Class, named in honor of one of the P.E.R.'s of Columbus Lodge. Mr. Vig was just winding up a successful year as District Deputy for Georgia,

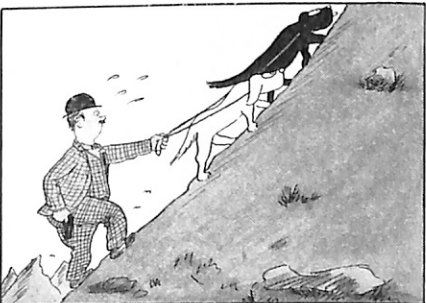
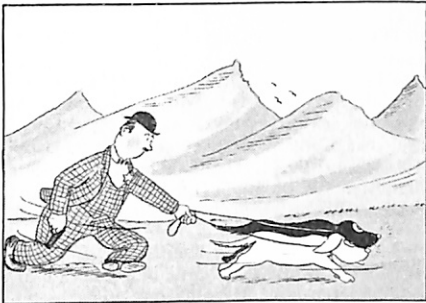
South. The Class numbered 26 members.

Past State Pres. J. Gordon Hardy of Atlanta Lodge was a member of the party from Atlanta. A delegation from Athens Lodge, headed by former State Vice-Pres. J. Bush, also attended. A barbecue supper was served immediately after the initiation by the Ladies' Auxiliary of Columbus Lodge.

J. Clayton Burke, Secy.,
Atlanta Lodge

Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge's Protege, Once Crippled, Turns Boxer

A protege of Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge, No. 1505, Patsy Settembrino, has recently proved beyond any question of doubt the generosity and efficacy of the Elks Crippled Children's Committee of Lyndhurst Lodge. Young Settembrino suffered for eight years with a double club foot. The boy's condition was called to the attention of Arthur Widmayer of the Lyndhurst Elks Crippled Children's Committee about three years ago. Patsy was taken immediately to the Hasbrouck Heights Hospital where he was operated on. The ankle and foot were placed in a heavy cast and the boy was told to wait for results. He was given one



Schlitz was a '49-er too!

In that year it was first brewed in Milwaukee

Pioneers who made the long trek to California's gold fields in 1849 opened up a new America. In that year a little brewery was started in Milwaukee, making beer for the neighbors. The Schlitz Brewery which, in 86 years, has grown so famous and so vast that its beer is shipped to the far corners of the world.



Many people tell us that Schlitz is America's finest beer. It stimulates pleasantly, and leaves no after-effect. It is easily digested, and healthful. It is made from choicest grains, hops, malt, yeast. Beneficial vitamins are retained, in its brewing. And every drop of Schlitz is brewed by a secret and precise process of Enzyme Control, which gives you perfection every time. For new pleasure in beer drinking try Schlitz, the beer whose superiority has stood the test of 86 long years. Order Schlitz—on draught or in the brown bottles. Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Schlitz

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

chance in a dozen to overcome his condition.

Through the efforts of the Lyndhurst Elks Patsy was sent to Atlantic City where he spent a month at the expense of the Crippled Children's Fund. Upon his return he was sent back to the Hospital where the cast was removed and replaced by a lighter one. Eventually an ankle brace, similar to those used by football players, took the place of the cast. Then Patsy Settembrino took up boxing.

In the ring the ankle gives him no trouble. Strapped by his manager, Johnny Hooks, the now 18-year-old youth has so successfully evaded the hooks and jabs of his opponents that he was favored to win the 135-pound title in the Diamond Gloves semi-final. His ultimate goal is the Golden Gloves fight series in 1936.

Defeated in his efforts last year to win a Diamond Glove, Patsy came back again this year and has compiled an admirable record. His friends, the Lyndhurst Elks, are watching his progress with high hope and enthusiasm.

John F. Lincks, Secy.

Crippled Children Entertained by Millville, N. J., Lodge

Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, held its thirteenth annual seashore event for the crippled children in the jurisdiction of the Lodge. Hundreds of crippled boys and girls, with nurses and mothers, and Elks and their friends, attended the outing, which took place at Wildwood, N. J. There the children were given rides on the amusing devices on the boardwalk, and enjoyed bathing in the surf.

A dinner and vaudeville performance were given at the Blackstone Hotel and hundreds of gifts were distributed among the little cripples. T. M. Dauginas, proprietor of the hotel, left nothing undone to make the affair one of the pleasantest that has

been given since the Lodge began its crippled children work. Private cars and buses were used to take care of the transportation of the large number of persons participating in the outing.

Eugene Gallaher, Chairman

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Entertains D.D. Boland

J. Bernard Boland of North Adams Lodge, No. 487, D.D. for Mass., West, and his suite of fellow members, recently paid an official visit to Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, where they were greeted by more than 150 Elks. The P.E.R.'s of Holyoke Lodge attended in full regalia. A class of candidates was initiated and a social session was enjoyed after the close of the business meeting.

John J. Murphy, Correspondent

Fathers of Members Entertained by Antlers of De Land, Fla.

The Antlers of De Land, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463, entertained the fathers of members with an informal party at which games and talks by prominent Elks were part of the entertainment. Refreshments were served later in the evening. The attendance on the part of the fathers was so gratifying and their enjoyment so evident that similar get-together parties have been planned for the near future.

Arthur Paboe, Recorder

Class Initiated Into Hoboken, N. J., Lodge

Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, opened its fall season with an initiatory meeting, during the course of which a class of 14 candidates, known as the "E.R. Robert F. McAlevy, Jr., Class," was inducted into the Order. The members of the class consisted of a

group of young men in their twenties, sons of prominent citizens of Hoboken.

During the business session, the Crippled Children's Committee reported that a special sub-committee, under the chairmanship of Thomas Muir, had realized \$400 for the Crippled Children's Fund as a result of a baseball game held on the Stevens Institute Campus. Plans were made for a Charity Frolic and Minstrel Show to be held in the near future.

P.E.R. John Roeder, Jr., Chairman of the Board of Trustees, addressed the candidates. P.E.R. John J. Fallon, Sr., responded. After the regular meeting the local and visiting Elks adjourned to the Grill Room for refreshments which had been prepared by the Entertainment Committee.

Justin B. Fash, Secy.

Westfield, N. J., Lodge Wins Ritualistic Contest

Westfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1585, recently won the State Ritualistic Final Contest at the Home of Freehold, N. J., Lodge, No. 1454, before a large delegation of officers and members of the N. J. State Elks Association, and New Jersey Lodges. Westfield Lodge competed against the Lodges of Mount Holly, Nutley and Hoboken. One half point separated the scores of all four Lodges.

Past State Vice-Pres. Herbert B. Gould is in charge of the ritualistic work of Westfield Lodge. It was largely due to his diligent efforts that the Westfield officers were brought to the state of perfection which they displayed in the State Finals. In winning the Central District championship with a score of 99.84, the Lodge turned in the highest mark of any of the 62 Lodges in the State.

Westfield Lodge now holds the State Association cup for the coming year, and has also been awarded a handsome plaque to be retained permanently.

Hampton Hanna

The Boy Who Walked Like a Man

(Continued from page 15)

their battles without me." That was all.

Captain Armstrong, who was to see that he should hang until he was dead, walked across and stood beside him: "Sam, I would rather die myself," he said, "than do this."

Davis turned up his young face: "Never mind, Captain. I do not think hard of you. You are doing your duty. Thank you for your kindnesses."

WHEN, at the last moment, a horseman dashed up the road, it must be that the Union men prayed as hard as Davis that it was reprieve. But it was a Captain Chickasaw, sent by the Federal command, to make a last effort to ascertain the name of the traitor, the secret of the Scouts, and to save Davis' life.

"You think I will tell?" he said queerly and shook his head.

They gave him five minutes more.

He spent those five minutes in writing again to his mother. "I have five minutes to live," he wrote, "and will spend them writing to you. . . ." He told her that he had asked the Chaplain to sing, "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand."

And so he died. A soldier of a lost cause, who, with no counsellor to guide him except his courage, chose death to life secured by means he thought dishonorable.



From the statue of Sam Davis on his Memorial Monument

There has been considerable controversy as to whether he should have been treated as a spy, or as a courier carrying dispatches. But the old blue-grey coat with the Federal buttons seemed to be regarded as the deciding evidence in the minds of the court.

But whether his death was legal or not, and as to the legality of the proceedings there is some doubt, one thing stands out—this simple boy died knowing that he could have escaped had he cared to give the name of the Union traitor, and that of his leader, Coleman. Sam Davis carried those secrets with him to his grave. Had he disclosed two names he would have lived on. But the lives of those two men were, in his opinion, more important to the Confederacy than was he. Perhaps they were. Of that no one can say. Certainly his leader must have thought so or he would have spoken.

HE died—a man, with all the childishness spilled out of him. And the Southland, that home of the brave, has had no braver man than this—Sam Davis, the boy who walked like a man.

In the capital grounds in Nashville there stands a monument to him—paid for by the pennies of the school children of Tennessee. On it they have written:

He lost all he had—Life;

He gained what he lacked—Immortality.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 29)

received with enthusiasm. Immediately after his address the Grand Exalted Ruler left for Los Angeles.

Officers, Past Exalted Rulers and members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, District Deputies and California Elks who stand high in the Order attended the luncheon held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler on September 7 in the Lodge Home. The event was enjoyable and also important. Many constructive ideas were interchanged and Judge Hallinan's remarks received hearty applause.

Among the prominent Los Angeles members present were P.E.R. Marshall F. McComb, member of the Grand Forum; P.E.R. Dr. Ralph Hagan, Past Grand Trustee; E.R. Otto J. Emme; Secy. Dean K. Barris; Est. Lead. Knight R. S. Redington; Est. Loyal Knight Judge B. J. Scheinman; Thomas S. Abbott, Tiler of the Calif. State Elks Assn.; P.E.R.'s Louis J. Euler, George M. Breslin, William Stephens and W. V. Churton; Monroe Goldstein, Manager of the Los Angeles Lodge Home, and William A. Gibbs, Chairman on Arrangements.

J. Emmett McNamara, Merced, D.D. for Calif., East Cent.; A. George Fish, San Diego, D.D. for Calif., South, and William J. Quinn, Stockton, D.D. for Calif., North, attended, and others at the luncheon were P.E.R.'s J. R. Thornton, Vallejo, Calif.; Otto H. Duelke, Inglewood, Calif.; Louis N. Crawford, Santa Maria, Calif.; Arthur Turner, Miami, Ariz., and Alex W. Crane, Phoenix, Ariz.; Secy. Robert R. Snodgrass, San Pedro, Calif.; Thomas A. Wood, Santa Monica, Calif., and Harry Leonhardt, who is an Honorary Life Member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1.

After completing his Los Angeles visit, the Grand Exalted Ruler sailed for the Canal Zone, arriving in Balboa on Monday, Sept. 16. Here he was joined by Mrs. Hallinan who had arrived in Cristobal from New York several days before. A special committee of Elks from both sides of the Canal escorted Judge Hallinan down the gang plank and Elks throughout the Isthmus were present to pay him homage.

Owing to the short duration of his stay, no formal functions were planned. The party was taken on an automobile tour in the afternoon, after which a conference was held with local Elk leaders. A dinner dance was held at the Panama Golf Club on Monday evening, among the guests being a delegation of Atlantic Side Elks who had come over for the occasion in a special train. While the Grand Exalted Ruler was busy with members of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, Mrs. Hallinan was entertained by the ladies of the Balboa Emblem Club.

Judge and Mrs. Hallinan were entertained on Sept. 17 by Cristobal, C.Z., Lodge, No. 1542, following their arrival on the Grace liner *Santa Paula* as she completed the Canal transit en route to New York. A reception was held for the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Lodge Home during the afternoon to which all Elks were invited. A buffet luncheon was served. Meanwhile the Lodge gave a tea at the Strangers Club for Mrs. Hallinan, attended by the wives and relatives of the Cristobal Elks.

P.D.D. Richard M. Davies, of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing and Ritualistic Committees, was a member of the Grand Exalted Ruler's party during his stay on the Isthmus.

"A million dollar smoke ...for a dime!"



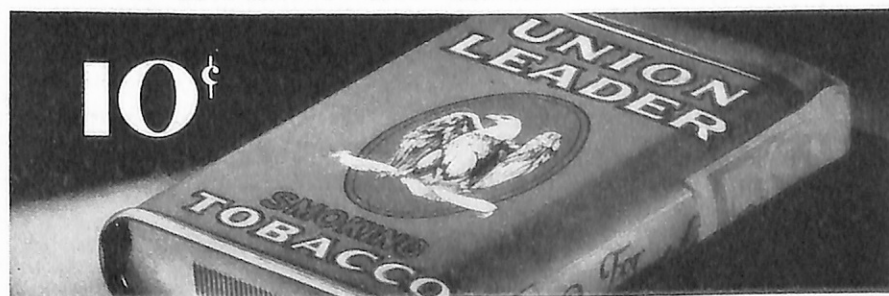
WALLACE FORD, well-known motion picture star, Union Leader smoker since 1931

SURE, I fall for expensive things—often. They're usually best. But I've learned this rule works with reverse English when it comes to tobacco. Because Union Leader gives me all the luxury that can be

packed into a pipe—at just 10¢ a tin. There is no tobacco finer or mellow than Union Leader's old Kentucky Burley. That dime price is okay, too—I'll accept a bargain any time. (Fine in cigarettes, too!)

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UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Golf in the Dark

(Continued from page 11)

completely blind. You would not dream he had any serious difficulty with his eyesight were you to meet him and enjoy his company at the 19th hole, or were you to see him dancing at the Ridgeview Country Club at Duluth or at Belle Aire, Pasadena or the Rancho Club of Los Angeles where he is also a member. You would never realize he was seriously handicapped in any way if you saw him from a distance garnering his share of spares and strikes on the bowling alleys or fly fishing on the Brule where he is considered one of the most expert anglers that ever visited those waters which proved such a keen delight to the piscatorial urge of the late Mr. Coolidge. Nor would you for one moment suspect that he carried the greatest burden a golfer can possibly struggle along with if you were a few yards away and saw him drive 230 yards as straight as an arrow, as I have seen him do, execute those marvelous No. 7 shots dead to the pin with only a run of a few feet and occasionally "can" a putt of better than 20 feet.

Mr. Russell is one of Duluth's outstanding businessmen. He is Treasurer of the dairy products firm of Bridgeman-Russell which has branches in Brooklyn and other large cities. He was educated at the Duluth public schools, and at Syracuse University where he was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. He entered Syracuse in 1916, but enlisted the following year and was assigned to the Aviation Corps at Austin, Texas, later being transferred to the Infantry in which he became a sergeant. After the war he returned to school but married in 1920 and started in business.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Russell have been playing golf since 1921. The latter, who shoots from 85 to 95, plays with him in all the mixed foursomes at Ridgeview and together they have won many prizes in recent years. But the Duluth golf season is brief and each winter they go to Pasadena and Los Angeles for their favorite recreation. Mr. Russell made a little better than the average progress of a beginner. He did not take the game as seriously as some. He played much but practiced little. The result was that he occasionally broke into the middle eighties but his lowest score had been 82, a figure he never seemed to be able to better.

Then came an automobile explosion, the loss of eyesight, the inevitable despair over his inability to indulge in the sports which had formerly been his hobby and then, the advice and constant encouragement of a devoted wife to try to overcome his handicap. One by one, he took up again his old loves of the sport world. Fishing came first. He made surprising progress at landing small mouth bass and trout. Encouraged, the following winter he tried bowling and made much better headway than he had hoped for. Next in 1930, he yielded to his wife's plea and got out the golf clubs.

Playing golf was not fishing or bowling. It was an agonizing world to conquer. For months he played around 120 to 130 and sometimes much worse.

The game was not for him if he had to remain in such dizzy figures. He quit playing for weeks and practiced conscientiously under the direction of Sammy Belfore, the club pro.

Belfore, at first doubtful, soon saw a ray of hope for his pupil, as the latter showed a marked aptitude for grooving his swing and freeing himself of all tenseness.

"Clint," he said, "you're going to win at this game because you have the courage to practice, practice, practice. And I have

siam he felt was no keener than that of Mrs. Russell nor of Sammy Belfore, his mentor.

"I wonder, Sammy," he said a few days later when he had once more shown that 98 was not just a piece of luck, "if it will ever be possible for me to get down to where I was before the accident?"

"You mean 82, your best score in the old days? Well, if something doesn't happen to that swing you've got now you'll be in the eighties anyhow before another year rolls around or I'm no guesser. And that's not baloney."

Just one year later Clint Russell astonished the entire club by reversing his score of the past season and carding an 89.

Gradually his game became steadier, his judgment of distance more acute. His handicap kept dropping from week to week. Then came another high-water mark in his career, the most joyous one of all. For, wonder of wonders, he carded an 82, thus equaling the best score he had ever made even before the automobile blast. Clubmates telephoned the story to the press. But Russell was not so exultant that he could forget his stern distaste for publicity. He went to the telephone and asked his friends of the newspaper persuasion to forget it. And they reluctantly yielded. That is why you have never heard of the golfer whose name I am placing in nomination—he detests publicity.

The first time I learned about Mr. Russell's marvelous skill as a golfer was a year ago when I chanced to overhear a remark or two about him in the club room at Interlachen (Minneapolis) just after he had left following a game with three friends from Duluth. The player who made the comment had seen Mr. Russell play often at Duluth where he had formerly lived—seen him so often that there was no novelty in it and did not make any more comment about the matter. No one else besides those in the foursome and their caddies had been close enough to the quartet to know the facts about Mr. Russell's handicap.

I said nothing about the incident, for here was a story I wanted to obtain if there was any way of getting it, and it was best to remain silent until the proper time. Late last September, through one of Mr. Russell's good friends, whom I know well, I made arrangements for Willie Kidd, Interlachen professional, to go with me to Duluth and play a foursome with Clint Russell and Sammy Belfore.

I MUST admit that I looked forward to that meeting with real interest. For here was a man who was truly incredible. Golfing is none too easy a sport even for those who have their eyesight. But this man I was to play with was a good golfer despite his blindness.

At the Club Mr. Russell greeted me warmly and was eager for the match. He took



"My guide kept the head!"

noticed in the few games you have played, you have an uncanny memory for every deviation of the terrain. You are going to break a hundred before the snow flies if you only keep on the way you are going."

"You're kidding," returned Russell smiling. "Why I will have plenty of players in this club I will not need to take off my hat to if I can do that."

And in the Fall of 1930, when the frost had first crimped the deep rough, Clint Russell broke in upon his family with glad-some news indeed. He had made the course in 98!

What golfer has not felt like throwing a party for the whole world when he first broke a hundred! Imagine then the joy that came to Mr. Russell when he had accomplished the marvelous feat of traversing Ridgeview in 98! And the joy and enthu-

our extended hands without the slightest difficulty and immediately dispatched an attendant to find Sammy Belfore. But when I informed him I had brought a news photographer with me in the hope that he would permit me to write a magazine story about his remarkable talent, he objected, for he detests publicity like the devil does the proverbial holy water.

"Repeatedly," he said to me, "I have been asked to pose for pictures and to stand for feature stories about my golf and I have always refused. There is really nothing remarkable about it. What little game I have I owe to Sammy Belfore for his patient instructions and to Mrs. Russell for her encouragement and of course to long hours spent on the practice tee and greens, to say nothing of my loyal caddies upon whom I am naturally much dependent. Let's play the game and forget about the pictures and story."

We started off bundled up in heavy jackets, for a biting norther was howling across the fairways and Autumn had very much arrived.

THE first hole was a 255-yarder, marked by an ugly gully. Mr. Russell took the honors and spanked a beautiful 200 yard drive straight down the middle. His second, a No. 7, was directly in the pin but was a trifle long and rolled over into the whiskers. He took two putts for a five, canning a nine-footer in the process.

How did he accomplish it?

His caddy, a new one, by the way, with whom he had had only a couple of weeks experience, placed the ball on the tee, soled the driver and stepped aside. Swinging with remarkable swiftness and lack of tension, Mr. Russell had sent the drive on its way so quickly that although my eyes were as large as saucers, I hardly realized he had shot. For the No. 7 effort, the caddy again soled the club and said, "A good fifty yards." There was no teeing of the ball in the fairway, not the slightest attempt to give the player any the best of it, and I may say here and now I have never played with anyone who observed more meticulously the rules of the game than this very remarkable follower of the great Scotch pastime. A short back swing with the iron, a sharp crack and the ball danced along the green. When it came to putting the caddy merely stated the yardage, soled a Nassau putter behind the ball and stepped aside. A crisp clear stroke and, but for a roll in the green, which he had forgotten about and chided himself for the slip, the shot would have been down. Instead, however, it hit the back of the cup, took an overspin and rolled nine feet beyond. Next time though, Mr. Russell steadied himself and easily sunk the putt while Kidd and I stood in open-mouthed astonishment.

HOLE No. 2 is 362 yards. We were facing the wind but Russell drove 175 yards, failing in distance because of a wry hook which curved him into the edge of the rough. The two pros maced out bullet-like drives down the center. Then came my turn. I pressed in my usual duffer-like fashion and the ball went about 225 yards hooking viciously. Having never played the course before I had no idea of the penalty my snakey shot would exact. Hardly, however, had my club met the ball when Mr. Russell exclaimed:

"Too bad, Mr. Robertson, I am afraid you are out of bounds."

Not a word had been spoken by anyone between the time I hit the ball and Mr. Russell had made his observation. Belfore confirmed the statement.

"Yes," he said, "your ball is in the long-rough just beyond the out of bounds marker."



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"Disgusted with my job as a real estate salesman, my earnings and the lack of opportunity, I enrolled for the Lewis Course. Soon after completing it, the Lewis National Placement Service put me in touch with a position as Chief Clerk, although I had no previous experience. A few months later I was appointed Hotel Manager, at a substantial salary increase! I owe my success to the Lewis Schools, through whose Leisure-time Home Study training I was able to win my way to the top."

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I drove again and we started down the fairway. Sidling up to Mr. Russell who was walking beside his caddy, without any assistance or guidance whatever, I exclaimed:

"Please tell me how the dickens you knew my shot went out of bounds."

"Why," he replied, "I have played *Ridgeview* so much I naturally know it like a book. I could tell from the sound of the clubhead meeting the ball that it was a long shot. Also, that it was a hook. Such being the case it must naturally have gone out of bounds."

"BUT," I returned, "how do you differentiate between a straight ball, a hook and a slice?"

"It was a little difficult at first to distinguish the first two," he said "for the sounds are pretty much the same, but there is a slight variation which I can hardly describe, though I sense the difference some way. With regard to the slice, however, I can detect it every time, even when it is made by an opposing player. A slice sounds to me as if I hear the ball sliding off the club. Of course I do not really hear the ball sliding but I have identified the impact of a slice with that kind of sound so long, I cannot describe it any other way."

At length we located Russell's hook in deep grass and weeds two feet off the fairway.

"Not so good," he exclaimed as his caddy soled the club and gave him the distance. Feeling at once that he was in a bad place, Clint stepped back a couple of feet, poked at the rough with his club and inquired: "Is it about like this?" After an affirmative answer he took two practice swings at right angles, mowed down two swaths of hay, then walked directly to the ball, soled his niblick almost immediately behind it without any assistance, and swung. To my amazement he landed on the apron and subsequently chipped as carelessly as a veteran pro to within two feet of the can and was down with an easy four.

AT hole No. 3, 139 yards, he again faced the wind. Choosing a No. 3 club he overdrove the green slightly, came back with a neat chip and an 11-foot putt for a par 3, to halve the hole with both professionals and to win from me.

No. 4—351 yards, with a rise in the fairway which almost obscures the green—was negotiated by Russell in one over par, the 200 yard drive and slope killing most of the roll. A No. 3 second shot good for 160 yards but off line to the left, a 65 yard pitch with a No. 7 and 2 putts, told the story.

Hole No. 5, a 124 yarder, caused him some difficulty because of a vicious side wind. Mr. Russell chose a No. 6 for the drive and fell 25 yards short. He chipped too wide into the whiskers to the right. The third shot landed 25 feet from the cup. He waited patiently for us to miss our long putts, cocking his ear slightly to hear whether they dropped into the cup, then stepped up to his ball and brought a blast of applause from a considerable gallery which had collected, by canning the shot. Mr. Kidd and I, by this time, were aghast at what we had seen and ready to expect anything. And our consternation increased when Willie Kidd missed an 8-foot putt, and Russell observed, accurately: "Short by a couple of inches!"

On the 6th Mr. Russell whanged a 200 yard drive as straight as the crow flies. I followed and once more hooked viciously. Instantly Mr. Russell again observed that I was probably out of bounds to the left (as I was) showing beyond all question of doubt that when he had detected a similar error on my part at a former hole, he had

not been guessing. His second effort called for 163 yards from a cuppy lie. The caddy questioned him about the difficulty of picking up the ball with a midiron but he refused to change clubs and fell just short of the green at the edge of a yawning trap. His No. 7 iron pitch was strong and the 12 foot putt short by inches due to a slight hump in the green which he had failed to remember. Without waiting to be told that he had missed, for he knew it as quickly as the rest of us did, he spun around on his heel with the same show of disgust that all golfers invariably display when they miss a putt they confidently expect to make. A moment later he recovered his poise, stepped up to the ball and flicked it into the cup with one hand, without hardly waiting for the caddy to sole the putter.

Hole after hole Russell accomplished the impossible with such uncanniness that even the veteran Kidd got off his game and I forgot everything I had ever learned about golf, so intent was I on observing the miraculous steadiness of this handicapped player who swung with the ease and grace of a schoolboy and had his club completely in the groove in almost every shot.

HOLE No. 9 is 306 yards, with a deep hollow slanting to the right. Russell negotiated it with a 215 yard drive and a four iron which carried him 15 feet past the pin and into the whiskers once more. Two former failures to remember exactly the contour of the green had gotten on his nerves, so as he walked to the ball he leaned over and drew his hand across a rather formidable hump, observing as he did so: "I just wanted to be sure that thing was where I thought it was." Then, remembering that this green seemed exceptionally fast, he chipped back so accurately that he almost holed out for a 3.

At the 10th tee, located on a steep hill with the green 186 yards down the valley, I recalled that Willie Kidd had always claimed more golfers had been ruined than cured by the old admonition, "Keep your eye on the ball," so I suggested that the Interlachen pro try one of his many trick shots and see if he could land on the green while looking to the rear as he swung through. Kidd took a two iron, turned his head directly away from the cup, hooked slightly and landed on the slope to the left. I followed with a spoon and was about two feet from the pin. Before with a No. 2 placed his ball almost directly beside mine.

"What was that club you used, Mr. Robertson?" Russell asked.

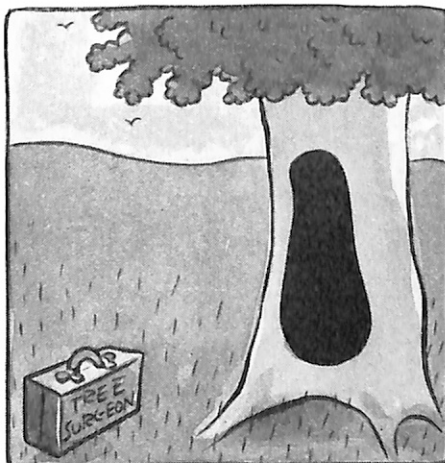
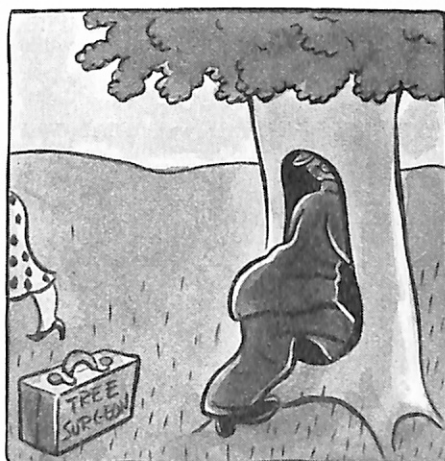
"I took a spoon but Sammy was quite as close with a midiron," I replied.

"I think it's a spoon for me too," Russell said and got away nicely but some 10 feet short to the right. There was no bunker in his way and he chipped deftly to within 8 feet of the pin, missed a short putt and took 4.

HOLE No. 11—355 yards, with a flat and obscuring hill and on a punchbowl green—was duck soup for Russell. His drive was only 186 yards but he placed a beautiful spoon on the green where it held as if it were trained, then ran a 15 foot putt over the tricky bent sward with unerring accuracy for a birdie three.

On No. 12, Clint seemed to forget the lie of the land for a moment. Turning to Before he asked: "Is this where the green lies at the top of a steep hill?" Before replied in the affirmative and a second later Russell had whanged a 210 yard drive, following it up with a beautiful 7 iron to the green, and was down with two putts.

No. 13 at *Ridgeview* is a hoodoo for anyone who tries to gamble and doesn't win—a 480 yard dogleg with a hilly grove im-



mediately to the left. You can play the shot straight ahead and sacrifice distance and, unless you are an expert, you will be wise to do so. Gamble on the short cut and get into those bushes and you will never get out unless you pick up your ball. But Russell chose to gamble. He asked for his brassie, took his stance and slammed out a beauty, high and long over the foreboding poplars—a shot so perfect that it not only called for exclamations of wonder from the gallery but also brought commendation from the pros themselves.

Kidd and Belfore had no difficulty with the hazard although I got an opportunity to reflect upon the foolhardiness of attempting the short cut. When we located Russell's ball it was at least 230 yards from the tee. The pros had probably beaten him by 15 or 20 yards.

To make the green it was necessary for Clint to carry better than 200 yards with his second shot in order to cross a creek which cut the fairway. But his spoon was again a trifle short and landed on the near side of the creek. His No. 7 was a bit weak but his second pitch was dead to the pin and he canned without half trying for a par 5.

It was not until we reached No. 16 that there was any real sign of a break in Russell's game. As he teed off there he remarked that he had been up late at the closing party at *Ridgeview* the night before and had only had a bite of breakfast an hour or so before he left home.

"I am ravenously hungry and I would rather have a nice steak right now than to make a hole in one," he exclaimed. "I am dog tired and I don't seem to be able to get up much more interest in my work."

No. 16 has a yardage of 555. Clint's tee shot smothered and was good for only 150. His midiron failed him twice and both shots netted only a total of 200 yards. Complaining that he was getting weak for want of food, he chipped boldly over the green and was again forced to chip back. Once more he dubbed his shot and was barely on, 50 feet from the can. Despite that he got down for a 7, his worst hole of the day.

HOLE No. 17 found his game still wobbly. Reiterating that he was more interested in steak than golf, he smothered his tee shot badly and was out into the long grass, only 40 yards from the tee. He dubbed his second and pitched beautifully to the green, then proceeded to take three putts for a six. After canning the ball he ejaculated: "No one who ever played golf would make a hole like that on a green." He referred to the fact that the green keeper had placed the cup on the top of a ridge which made it almost impossible to putt there with any degree of accuracy.

No. 18, a 358 yarder, was approached by Russell with a sigh of relief. He took his stance, swung stiffly for the first time that day, got a fair drive, dubbed his second, was on in three, and down with two putts for a 5.

"Golly," he exclaimed. "I am glad the season's over. I think I will have to wait until I get to California to play again. Between this blustering wind and the lack of nourishment, I just about disgraced myself today with those two sevens on the last nine. I sure am lucky that I finished with an 84."

Disgraced with an 84 after taking two sevens on the second nine! How many thousands of players would like to do that well even when they were hot!

Here, then, fellow golfers, are the reasons for my selection of Clint Russell as the most remarkable golfer in the United States today. Think it over. Isn't his nomination worthy of the most serious consideration before you mark your ballot?

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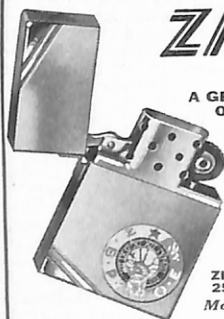
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Out of His Class

(Continued from page 18)

logs were crackling. But it wasn't like the fireplace on the farm; this one seemed to give out a chill and the smoke smell wasn't pine.

Minutes passed, ticked off by a clock they couldn't see, while, side by side, they stood in the middle of the room, watching the archway and the winding stairs. Nothing happened. The room was so impressive that speech did not come easily. Olga finally sat down and motioned for Marvin to find a chair, too.

"I guess they're busy," she said, under her breath.

He saw no trace of uneasiness on her face, nor any apprehension. Sitting in a room like this, he knew, could not seem so strange to her as it did to him. Before they met in Wausau, those many years ago, Olga had been to Chicago several times, associated with big people. Not that she ever boasted about it, nor shamed him, either; just that her poise was something to be marveled at and imitated. He tried to imitate it now by crossing his ankles and folding his hands.

HIS mind went back to times in the Kickapoo when this astonishing son of his, this famous Eric, was a boy. Even from the first there had been something special about Eric—even as a young fellow, starting out with the tent show. Girls had followed him around from town to town. Olga said it was because of his curly blond hair and the soldierly way he held himself and because he didn't put on airs, but was always simple and pleasant. But to Marvin it was more: an untranslatable glow about him which was beyond his understanding,

though not beyond his appreciation. He had never been able to talk to Eric, because of it. What could he say to him now?

Panic seized him, when, through the great arch, he saw Eric hurrying down the winding stairs. Eric wore a white jacket, a white muffler, flannel trousers and tennis shoes. He was like an illustration in one of the movie magazines, astonishingly come to life. In the hall he tossed a tennis racquet aside and came in grinning, hands extended.

"Hello, you two troupers!"

Marvin twisted his necktie in his fingers as Ma put her arms around her son and drew him up to her. She was proud. Marvin waited, smiling, shuffling his feet; then Eric gripped his hand.

"It's good to see you, Dad."

ALL he could answer was "Fine! Fine!" He might have said something more, because the warmth of Eric's greeting had eased him, but just then he beheld Miss Margot Weatherby entering the hall from the street. She wore a felt hat slanted over her dark curls and she was more beautiful than in the pictures.

"It's not—" she began. "But, of course, it is!"

She came in.

"How are you!" she said. And—"What a drive that must have been." Marvin stared at her. The brown eyes went fleetingly from his face to Eric's face and back. In that single glance, he knew, she had discovered what was wrong with his attire.

He wondered if she'd know how to fix it, or if she'd care to say.

Conversation diminished the size of the



"You're a chip off the old block, Elmer"

room now and warmed up the fire, but he could not join in; Margot Weatherby was talking, in her pure English, sitting on the arm of Eric's chair. Friendly talk.

"I would have brought you some preserves," Olga was saying. "But there wasn't time. Dad was so nervous. I think he wanted to get started."

"You'll have a new car to go home in," Eric laughed. "Why didn't you tell me you were still driving the ark?"

Eric asked about the season, about people he had known, about the towns. He was no different than he had always been; yet Marvin sat gripping his hands so that the knuckles whitened. Presently Margot was sitting on a hassock beside him, asking questions which he tried to answer, or saying things to be polite, such as—

"I played the provinces, too. I grew up in a little village in Southern England. My father was a gardener and a good one."

Marvin liked her. Finally he liked her well enough to whisper:

"Look, Mrs. Sandlee. There's something wrong about my get-up. Will you help me fix it? It would be too bad if I brought any disgrace down on you and Eric."

HER eyes surprised him.

"You wish to do some shopping?" she said. "I'll be pleased to help."

He heard Ma saying:

"Would you? I've been wondering what I'd do, not knowing about styles and all. I've worried about it so I didn't sleep much of nights."

Now Eric offered an expensive cigar.

"You'll have a gay time. We'll dress up next week and go to a party. A group of English actors have invited us. You'll be surprised how high-toned actors can be, Dad."

This was a promise more appalling than anything Marvin had dreamed of in his waking nightmares and it brought him up-right in his seat and plunged him headlong into the conversation.

"Not me, not me!" he said. "You'll count me out, anyhow." His eyes sought Margot Weatherby for confirmation. "It would never do to take me."

"I'd like to know why not!" She studied him thoughtfully. "How would you like a scotch and soda, Dad?" she asked.

"By God!" he answered in a surprisingly loud voice, "maybe that's what I need!"

It was while they were sipping drinks in a little bar upstairs that she called him a dear. "You're a dear," she said.

But now that some of his minor worries were groundless, that greater one was occupying his mind.

He became very confidential.

"You noticed Ma? She's a fine character type, ain't she now? Look, what do you think will happen when producers and agents see her around here. Won't they snap her up, now? Take that party, for instance. What do you think, Mrs. Sandlee?"

"Margot—" she reminded him.

"Well, Margot. What do you think?" Earnestly he bent toward her, his greying eyebrows making question marks.

Margot said: "They'll snap you both up. They'll never let you leave Hollywood, either of you."

But he knew it was just her polite English way of letting him know that he would realize the worst of all his fears.

WHEN Marvin looked in the mirror at the dress clothes Eric's tailor had made, he knew that the suit was perfect; but he also knew that he was just a farmer in a perfect dress suit. Above the shining white of his shirt-front a red face glowed from its recent scrubbing. His knotty fingers were larger than ever under the white cuffs. From close to the mirror, or from a long

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way back, the effect was the same. Not good.

Very discouraged, he went downstairs. He had dressed early so that he would have time to collect himself before the others came down. For more than a week he had been planning his behavior for this night. He would disappear and hide somewhere, talking to nobody. During all the rides and sight-seeing, the trip to Santa Barbara, the day at Catalina, his mind had been occupied with his plans. He would get through it.

Footsteps sounding on the stairs brought him nervously into the hall.

When he saw the flowing black and silver evening dress his hands fell limply to his sides. Olga was moving slowly down the long stairway; he recognized her, but not at once.

UNDER the expert fingers of Margot's hairdresser, white hair had been swirled over her ears in a soft wave, in a less old-fashioned, more becoming way. A simple ornament on her right shoulder gathered a diamond point of light from the crystal chandelier; but that was not all that sparkled about her. He had been no more embarrassed waiting for her at the stage door of the opera house in Wausau, all those years ago, than he was now, waiting for her here. Then he had rattled off into some nervous talking, now he couldn't speak.

"Marvin!" It was his name, but she hadn't used it for a long time. He was startled.

"Hm?" he said, gazing up. She had stopped.

"I didn't know you," she said. She was coming slowly down again, one hand on the railing. "Dad, I'm terribly nervous. What shall I do?"

This announcement took away his last support. He knew what had happened. It was like an opening. Some seasons when there had not been enough time for rehearsals, this nervousness had come upon her. Once, even, she had cried. Tonight it left him helpless, because his own foreboding increased by leaps and bounds. He was stunned.

"How would you like a scotch and soda?"

he asked, casting wildly about in his mind. Her nervous fingers gripped his arm.

"We shouldn't have let them take us," she said.

"If you feel like that," he murmured, more to himself than to her, "I'd better not even attempt it."

But now Eric and Margot Weatherby were coming down the stairs—

IN the town car seated beside Margot, whose white fur mantled her throat, with Olga on the other side, in a new and shimmering evening wrap, and his son Eric, top-hatted and cloaked, and a chauffeur up ahead, Marvin knew how men must feel when they wait to be hung. Outside, the palm trees and strangely soft air of a winter night were not more unreal than this. His own top-hat sat uncomfortably on his head.

Fingers stole across his knee in search of his hand and Olga was gripping him in a fierce, sharp fear. He did not dare turn his eyes to look at her, but sat upright, gazing straight ahead. Under the moving brilliance of the headlights, strange roads came skimming up and slipped beneath the wheels. Margot and Eric were talking in low tones, and sometimes laughing.

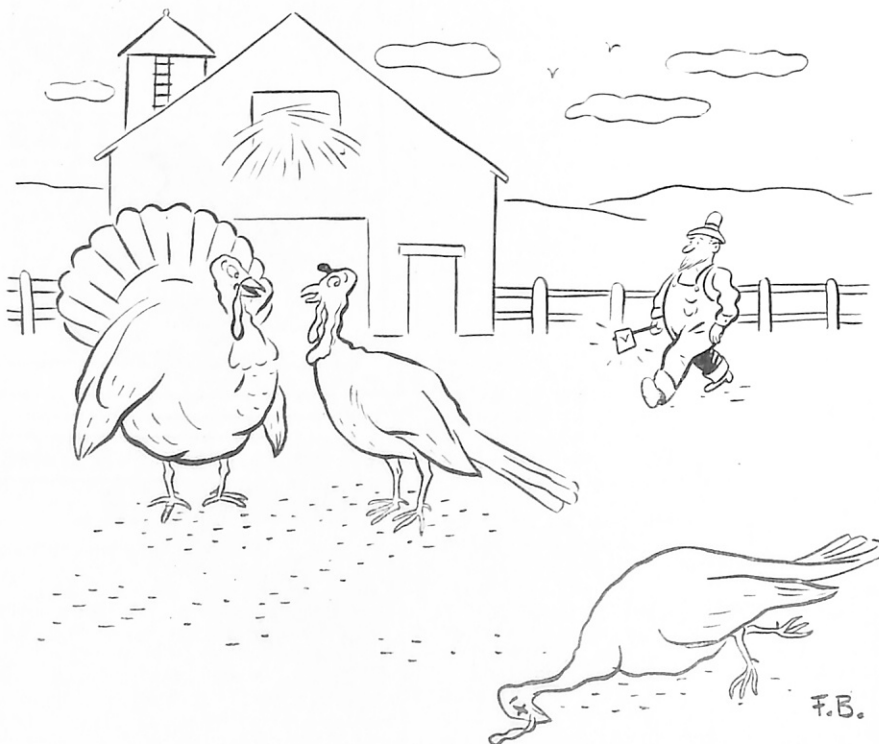
Marvin spoke only once during the long ride. Then it was to whisper to his wife: "All winter will be too long."

The answer came in a quick clutching of her fingers.

At least, if he got through tonight, there would be hope for tomorrow.

Their car crunched the gravel through a lane of deodars and slowed to a stop under a canopy. Two uniformed attendants moved up. Other cars were arriving; surging about the doorway were famous people, in person. Marvin Sandlee backed out of the way, into a shadow, according to his plan.

WOMEN in brilliant evening wraps and men in silk hats passed him and were lost beyond the lighted doorway. A fresh isolation came when Olga descended from the car. The nights when she had been so nervous before openings, he had later seen her make entrances with head held high,



"He's playing opossum"

so that no one would guess. No one would guess now, for she was like the other women who waited under the canopy, just as assured . . . just as poised. Alone in his panic, trailing behind his family, Marvin too, passed through the doorway into the noise, the soft lights, the music and gaiety of the club.

It was confusing. Palm trees grew up out of a hardwood floor. Subdued lights were everywhere, above and below him, colored shadows projected from the dance floor. Black tables, with shaded lamps compressing the glow, kept faces in darkness, but glittered on jewels, hands and arms. Two orchestras, one at either end of the room, played constantly. And a continuous rising, ebbing, murmuring of voices. He fixed his eyes on Eric's shoulders and followed between tables, down the room.

ALL through the long walk between tables they were interrupted by people. Most of the faces were known to him and when there were introductions, Dad said: "Pleased to meet you." But Olga was merely nodding her head, with a gracious smile. Or saying, "How do you do." So he imitated her. "How do you do," he said, and tried to stand in the shadows.

He marveled a little at the shouting, at some of the words—

"Hey, you mugs!"—this from a Lady Angela Martin.

Or—

"Tennis tomorrow, Eric?" called from half way across the room.

A tall man, wearing a single eyeglass, poked Eric in the ribs as he went by, saying: "H'ya, kid?"

Even these people sometimes forgot their manners.

The long journey came to an end at last. There were already people at the table, and introductions to be suffered through. The only name that registered with Marvin was that of the man who sat next to Olga. "Who is Mr. Cohen?" he whispered to Margot.

"He's our manager," she told him.

He hadn't expected it to happen so soon, but here it was. Mr. Cohen placed his chin on his palm and gazed at Olga as if she fascinated him. Other people came to the table, entertainers performed on the dance floor, there was movement and laughter, the opening of bottles, the solicitous hovering of a waiter, but through it all Mr. Cohen was deep in talk with Ma.

Just as Marvin had always known it would be. They'd snap her up. It would all be ended!

Over his shoulder he spied the bar and unnoticed by anyone in his party, he made his way directly to it. "How do you do," he said to the bartender. "Scotch and soda, please."

THEN, under a palm tree, in a secluded and shadowed corner, he found a small table and he marked it for his own. It was there that he sat, for two hours—except for excursions to the bar at lengthening intervals.

Conversations were going forward around him and he caught snatches now and then. He had expected to hear talk about books and operas, paintings and Paris, but mostly they talked about other people and show business—reminding him of his own actors, in the Kikapoo, though it was classier, in a way. The women were concerned with what other women were wearing or with children; the men were interested in sports, or investments. Gradually, he found the feeling of isolation wearing off. . . .

At the bar, late in the evening, Marvin chatted with a man. A distinguished-looking Englishman, with a monocle and a trim mustache.

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"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

"Alcohol, hot water and sugar is the principal drink where I come from—" perhaps that was what won the Englishman's attention.

"Really?" He adjusted his monocle, and listened while Marvin told him about trouping down through the Kickapoo with his show.

"We're about the last of our kind," Dad said. "We're strolling players. When we're through, there won't be any more tent shows. They don't grow actors strong enough to stand it, any more. You should see a blow-down sometime with the actors hanging on to rope for dear life."

It was a surprise when the Englishman laughed and slapped his palm down on the bar.

"Good!" he chuckled, "frightfully good. I say, why don't you join me?"—and he took Dad's arm.

Around the table to which the man led him were more familiar faces. Mostly English actors. Sir Philip Martin, Lady Angela Martin, Betty Lorraine—almost as familiar to him as the faces at Ericson's, or any other gathering place in the valley. They were friendly people, too, and interested in what he had to say. Easy to talk to. They were breathless with attention while he told them about his show.

"Thirty cents is too much top for a show in these times, with things uncertain. A farmer's got troubles, don't forget that. Next year I'll be trading a quart of milk for a front seat to East Lynne or a measure of corn for a first rate performance of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

A crackle of laughter went swiftly around the table. It was encouraging.

"Sometimes I think they were never worth more—" Sir Philip Martin said.

Marvin went on—

"Once I let a feller in to see The Barrier for a side of bacon, but after the first act he marched out to the marquee and asked to have it back. I guess during the first act he must have realized that bacon is useful, but there ain't a hell of a lot you can do with a show, once you've seen it."

Through the laughter, Lady Martin said: "That's always been my feeling." Her smile warmed him, and he continued:

IT'S a tough one, this show business. If you get a good popcorn town in bad weather sometimes you can break even—but the surest way is to give prizes, like dollar lamps. People will come to see a show if they think there's a chance to take something home in their hands. There's hardly an actor with enough sex appeal to get a farmer to drive twenty miles over the hills. It ain't just emotion they want. They like to feel they might get some furniture, too. We had a fine troupe last season, but nobody would of come to see us, but for giving away chances on lamps."

The number of his listeners had increased. Men and women he hadn't met were crowding around the table. All were very much interested in what he had to say. Marvin felt easy and comfortable in his clothes. No one attempted to interrupt; they asked

questions, because his kind of show business was new to them, though much older than their own. They were courteous, and amused. It really wasn't much different than at home.

"IT'S the babes in arms that worry a manager," he went on. Someone said "sh-h-h" so all could hear. "Just at the climax some kid usually wakes up and hollers the actors down. You maybe don't realize the troubles you escape by being in the movies."

This remark struck his audience as being most amusing of all. Perhaps they hadn't realized, until now, that there were difficulties in show business other than their own. At any rate, they applauded him. And



"Heh-heh—my error! S'only a foot-bridge!"

someone called him a "dear" again. Lady Angela Martin looked up over her shoulder, saying:

"He's a dear, Margot."

Marvin shifted around in his chair. There was his family—Eric and Margot and Olga—standing with the people who had crowded up to hear him! A hot flush of shame burned his cheeks. His head cleared. How loudly had he been talking? He sent a questioning glance at Eric. Then Olga. He rose to his feet.

"It's time I went home . . . Excuse me," he said. The room with its colored lights, its black tables, came into focus. With his eyes on the floor, he followed his family to the cloak room and out under the canopy.

They did not reprimand him right away. He waited for it. But it didn't come. Eric and Margot Weatherby were laughing about something else and Olga was silent. An attempt to catch her eye was a failure.

The car crunched the gravel between the lanes of deodars and started for home. . . .

Finally, he could resist no longer. He put his lips close to Olga's ear.

"Did that Mr. Cohen want you to work for him, Ma?"

In the shadows that crossed her face from the street lights he could not read her expression.

"He mentioned it," she said.

"Oh."

There was nothing more to be said. He could see how romances out here in Hollywood, California, came to an end. A successful woman couldn't have a husband who went around making a fool of himself, talking . . . and talking.

Eric linked arms with him on the way upstairs and Margot Weatherby surprised him by kissing him good night.

"I wish you'd tell me more about your show—"

"Look here, Dad," said Eric. "Tomorrow come to the Masquer's with me. There are some old-time troupers there who'd—"

But Olga spoke up severely.

"We're going home tomorrow," she said, with finality. . . . Nothing they could say would dissuade her. She wouldn't tell them her reasons.

There were twin beds with silk covers, and white furniture, and hunting prints on the walls. There were high windows, which opened by turning a shining handle. It had been a strange place to sleep—before—it was still more unreal to him now. They prepared for bed and he thought the blow would come when they'd turned out the lights.

Looking across he saw Olga with her arms folded back of her head, staring upward, lying very still. But when she didn't speak at once, his apprehension forced him to begin—

"What's the reason you won't work for Mr. Cohen, Ma? Tell me the reason, won't you?"

She was a long time answering.

"He talked to me about short comedies. But I'm not a comedienne, and never was. I'm a character woman. And I just want to get home."

But this didn't convince him. This wasn't the real reason. She was being kind to him, not to hurt his feelings, not to make him see

that he was outside of her class. He thought it would be better to end it now, if he had to, else she would be lost to him, even at home.

"That ain't the real reason, Olga," was what he said.

SHE turned on her side, and reached across to his hand. He did not dare to think what she was about to say, but what she told him was the greatest surprise of his life—

"I couldn't stand it any longer, Dad. You find it easy, talking to people, and being social. I've always envied you the way you carry things off. Tonight you made me think of the first time you waited at the stage door in Wausau. So composed and all. You're a cool one, telling your stories wherever you go." She laughed, deep in her throat. "I'm not going to run the risk of losing you now," she said. "I won't feel safe a minute until we're home on the farm."

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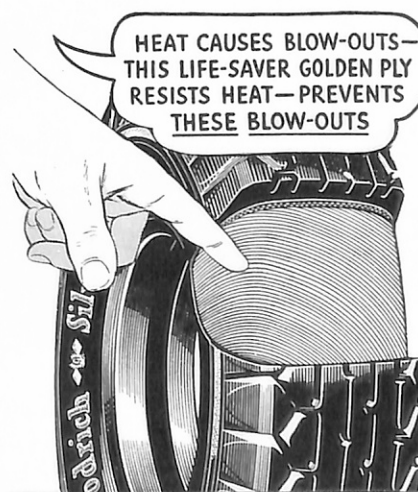
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